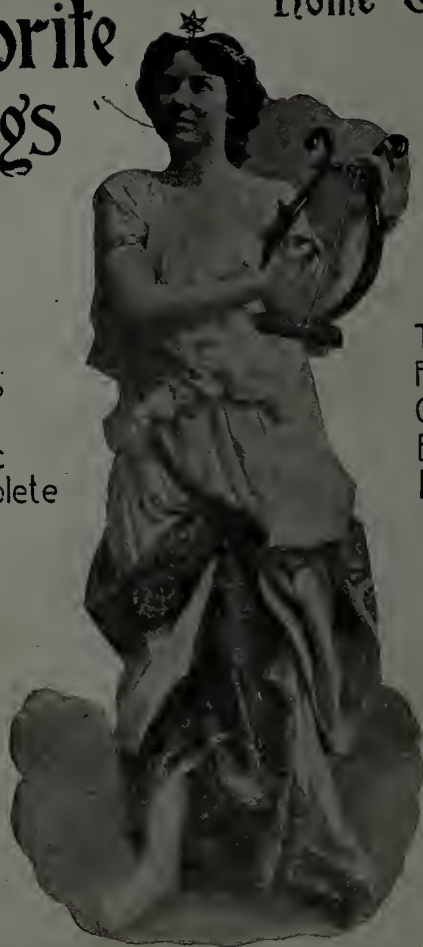


Old Favorite Songs

No. 1

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Words
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All That Words Can Tell, R. M. Stalls; A Boy's Best Friend Is His Mother, J. P. Skelly; Break the News to Mother, O. K. Harris; Do You Ever Sit and Dream? J. Howard; Darkie's Home Sweet Home, Chas. E. Baer; From Prison to Mother's Grave, M. A. Moore; Gee But It's Great to Meet a Friend From Your Old Home Town, W. Tracy; I Would Like to Honeymoon With You, F. Page; In the Evening by the Moonlight, Jas. Bland; Letter Edged in Black, H. Nevada; Life's Dream is O'er (Duet), Ascher; On the Beach at Waikiki, Hawaiian; Two Sweethearts of Mine, F. Helf; Would You If You Could, H. Spence.

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CONTENTS.

<p>A Life on the Ocean Wave. Auld Lang Syne. Annie Laurie. Bonnie Banks of Loch Lomond. Bonnie Sweet Bessie. Bonnie Dundee. Blue Belis of Scotland. Ben Bolt. Bonnie Laddie. Believe me if all These Endearing Young Charms. Beautiful Isle of Somewhere. Comin' Thro' the Rye. Campbells are Comin'. Come Back to Erin. Darling Nellie Gray. Dixie Land. Flow Gently, Sweet Afton. Gently, Lord, Oh Gently Lead Us. God Save the King. Good-night, Ladies. Harp that Once Thro' Tara's Hall. Highland Laddie. Home, Sweet Home. Huntington Tower, dnet. I'm Wearyin' Awa', Jean. Juanita. Killarney.</p>	<p>Last Rose of Summer. Land o' the Leal. Marching Thro' Georgia. Massa's in the Cold Ground. Maple Leaf Forever. My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean. Old Folks at Home. Old Oaken Bucket. Old Black Joe. O Canada. Red, White and Blue. Rule Britannia. Robin Adair. Sects Wha Hae. Silver Threads Among the Gold. Soldier's Farewell. Stars of the Summer Night. Star of the East. Then You'll Remember Me. Tenting To-night on the Old Camp Green. Tramp, Tramp. When the Kye Come Hame. When You and I Were Young, Maggie. Within a Mile o' Edinburgh Town. When You Gang Awa', Jamie. Ye Banks and Braes.</p>
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TORONTO, CAN.

A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

by HENRY RUSSELL.

f Allegro.

1. A life on the o - cean wave... A home on the roll - ing deep... Where the
2. Once more on the deck... I stand... Of my own swift-glid - ing craft... Set sail
3. The land is no lon - ger in view... The clouds have be - gun to frown... But with

scat - tered wa - ters rave... And the winds their rev - els keep! Like an an - gel caged, I
fare - well to the land... The gale fol - lows far a - baft... We shoot thro' the spark - ling
a stout ves - sel and crew... We'll say, let the storm come down! And the song of our heart shall

pin - On this dull, un - chang - ing shore... Oh, give me the flash - ing brine, The
foam... Like an o - cean bird set free... Like the o cean bird, our home We'll
be... While the winds and the wa - ters rave, A life on the heav - ing sea. A

ff CHORUS.

spray and the tem - pest roar!... A life on the o - cean wave... A home on the roll - ing
find far out on the sea!... A life on the o - cean wave... A home on the roll - ing
home on the bounding wave!... A life on the o - cean wave... A home on the roll - ing

deep!... Where the scat - tered wa - ters rave;... And the winds their rev - els keep!...

BONNIE SWEET BESSIE, THE MAID O' DUNDEE.

A high-land laddie there liv'd o'er the way, A laddie both noble and
2. Ere years or e-ven months had fled, This laddie and lassie were

gal-lant and gay, Who lov'd a lassie as no-ble as he, A
hap-pi-ly wed; Nae bet-ter wifey e'er liv'd on the lea, Than

bonnie sweet lassie, the maid o' Dundee; This lassie had lands, but the
bonnie sweet Bessie, the maid o' Dundee; A hap-pi-er hame nae

laddie had nane, And yet to her it was all the same, For dearly she lov'd him, and
mon e-ver had, Than this which held twa hearts sae glad, And ne'er did Bessie have

said she knew This laddie, dear laddie was gude and true.
cause to rue, Her wedding this laddie sae gude and true.

ANNIE LAURIE.

ANONYMOUS.

Andante moderato.

PIANO. *mf*

1. Max-well-ton braes are bon-nie, Where ear - ly fa's the dew, And it's
 2. *Mer browis . . like the snaw-drift, Her neck is like the swan, Her
 3. Like dew on the gow-an ly-ing, Is the fa' o' her fai - ry feet; And like

there that An-nie Lau-rie, Gie'd me her prom-ise true, Gie'd me her prem-ise
 face it is the fair-est That e'er the sun shone on— That e'er the sun shone
 winds in summer sigh-ing, Her voice is low and sweet— Her voice is low and

cres. *sf* *p* *pp ad lib.*
 true, Which ne'er for-got will be; And for bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie I'd lay me doon and
 on, And dark blue is her e'e; And for bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie I'd lay me doon and
 sweet, And she's a' the world to me; And for bon-nie An-nie Lan-rie I'd lay me doon and

cres. *sf* *p* *pp colla voce.*
 dee.

Robert Burns.

AULD LANG SYNE.

1. Should auld acquaintance be for-got, And nev-er brought to mind? Should auld acquaintance
 2. We twa ha'e run a - boot the braes, And pu'd the gow-ans fine, We've wander'd mony a
 3. We twa ha'e sport-ed i' the burn, Frae mornin' sun till dune, But seas be-tween us
 4. And here's a hand, my trust-y frien', And gie's a hand o' thine, We'll tak' a cup o'

be for-got, And days of auld lang syne?
 wea - ry foot Sin' auld lang syne.
 braid ha'e roared Sin' auld lang syne.
 kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my dear, For
 auld lang syne, We'll tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

Words by Robert Burns.

Lively.

1. If a bod-y meet a bod-y, Com-in' thro' the rye. If a bod-y
 2. If a bod-y meet a bod-y, Com-in' frae the town, If a bod-y
 3. Among the train there is a swain, dear-ly love my-sel'; But what's his name, or

Chorus.

kiss a bod-y, Need a bod-y cry?
 greet a bod-y, Need a bod-y frown?
 where's his name, I din-na choose to tell.

Ev-ry las-sie has her lad-die,
 Nane, they say, ha'e I; Yet a' the lads they smile on me, When com-in' thro' the rye.

BONNIE LADDIE, HIGHLAND LADDIE

CHARLES WALKER.

Allegretto.

PIANO. *f* *dim.*

1. Where ha'e ye been a' the day, Bon-nie lad - die, High-land lad - die? Saw ye him that's
2. When he drew his gude bradsword, Bon-nie lad - die, High-land lad - die, Then he gave his
3. Wea - ry fa the Lâw-land loon, Bon-nie lad - die, High-land lad - die, Wha took frae him the

p

far a - way, Bon-nie lad - die, High-land lad - die? On his head a bon - net blue,
roy - al word, Bon-nie lad - die, High-land lad - die, That frae the field he ne'er would flee,
Brit - ish crown, Bon-nie lad - die, High-land lad - die; But blessings on the kilt - ed Clans,

Bon-nie lad - die, Highland lad - die; Tar - tan plaid and High-land trew, Bon-nie lad - die,
Bon-nie lad - die, Highland lad - die; But wi' his friends would live or dee, Bon-nie lad - die,
Bon-nie lad - die, Highland lad - die, That fought for him at Pres - ton - pans, Bon-nie lad - die,

High-land lad - die!

f *dim.*

THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND.

ANONYMOUS.

Andante moderato.

PIANO.
dolce.

1. Oh! where, tell me where is your High-land lad - die gone? Oh! where, tell me where is your
2. Oh! where, tell me where did your High-land lad - die dwell? Oh! where, tell me where did your
3. Oh! what, tell me what does your High-land lad - die wear? Oh! what, tell me what does your
4. Oh! what, tell me what if your High-land lad be slain? Oh! what, tell me what if your

High-land lad - die gone? He's gone with streaming banners where no - ble deeds are done, And it's
High-land lad - die dwell? He dwelt in bon-nie Scotland, where blooms the sweet blue bell, And it's
High-land lad - die wear? A bon-net with a lof-ty plume, and on his breasta plaid, And it's
High-land lad be slain? Oh, no! true love will be his guard and bring him safe a-gain, For it's

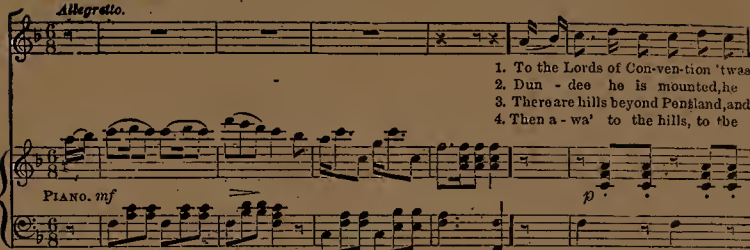
oh, In my heart I wish him safe at home, He's gone with streaming banners where noble deeds are done, And it's
oh! in my heart I lo'e my laddie well, He dwelt in bonnie Scotland, where blooms the sweet blue bell, And it's
oh! in my heart I lo'e my Highland lad, A bonnet with a lofty plume, and on his breast a plaid, And it's
oh! my heart would break if my Highland lad were slain, Oh, no! true love will be his guard and bring him safe again, For it's

oh, in my heart I wish him safe at home.
oh! in my heart I lo'e my lad die well.
oh! in my heart I lo'e my Highland lad.
oh! my heart would break if my Highland lad were slain.

BONNIE DUNDEE

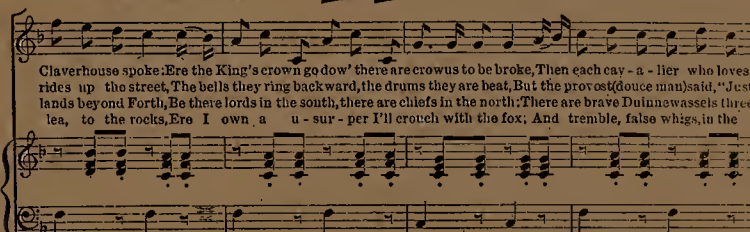
SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Allegretto.

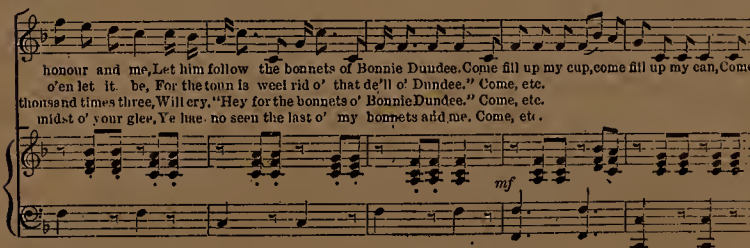


1. To the Lords of Con-ven-tion 'twas
2. Dun - dee he is mounted, he
3. There are hills beyond Penland, and
4. Then a - wa' to the hills, to the

PIANO. *mf*

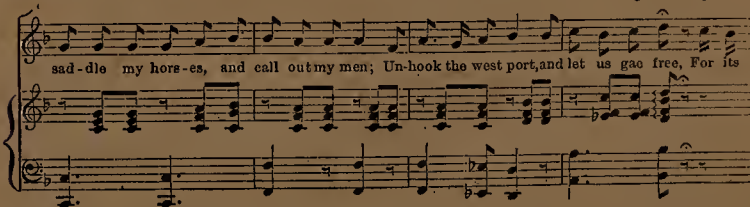


Claverhouse spoke: Ere the King's crown go dow' there are crows to be broke, Then each cay - a - lier who loves
rides up the street, The bells they ring back ward, the drums they are beat, But the provost (douce mau) said, "Just
lands beyond Forth, Be there lords in the south, there are chiefs in the north: There are brave Duinnawassels three
lea, to the rocks, Ere I own a u - sur - per I'll crouch with the fox; And tremble, false whigs, in the

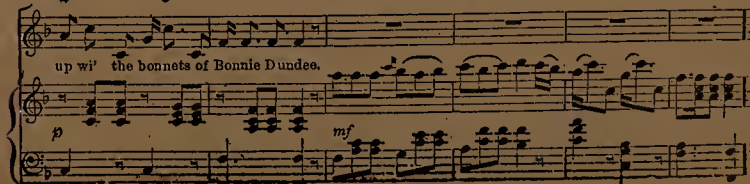


honour and me, Let him follow the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee. Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can, Come
o'en let it be, For the town is weel rid o' that de'il o' Dundee." Come, etc.
thousand times three, Will cry, "Hey for the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee." Come, etc.
midst o' your glee, Ye hae no seen the last o' my bonnets add me, Come, etc.

mf



sad - die my horse - es, and call out my men; Un - hook the west port, and let us gae free, For its



up wi' the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.

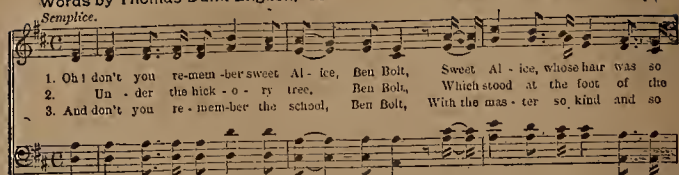
p *mf*

BEN BOLT.

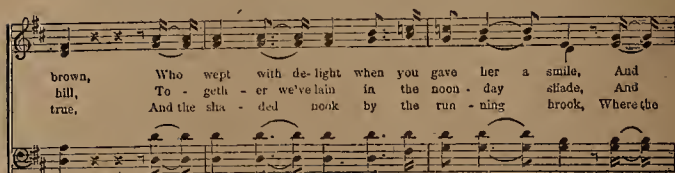
Words by Thomas Dunn English, '39.

Music by Nelson Kneass.

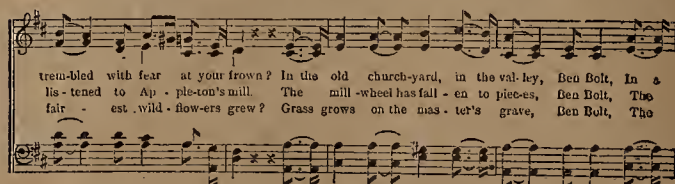
Semplice.



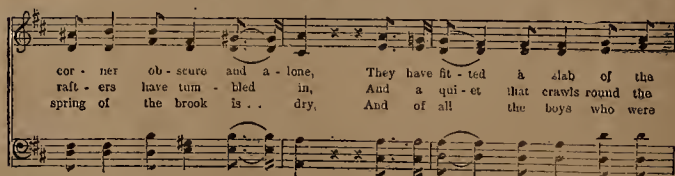
1. Oh! don't you re-mem-ber sweet Al-ice, Ben Bolt, Sweet Al-ice, whose hair was so
2. Un-der the hick-o-ry tree, Ben Bolt, Which stood at the foot of the
3. And don't you re-mem-ber the school, Ben Bolt, With the mas-ter so kind and so



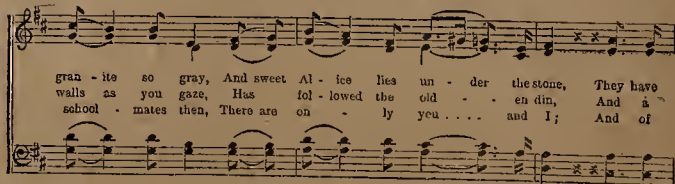
brown, Who wept with de-light when you gave her a smile, And
hill, To-ge-th-er we've lain in the noon-day shade, And
true, And the sha-ded nook by the run-ning brook, Where the



trem-bled with fear at your frown? In the old church-yard, in the val-ley, Ben Bolt, In a
lis-toned to Ap-ple-ton's mill. The mill-wheel has fall-en to pie-ces, Ben Bolt, The
fair-est wild-flow-ers grew? Grass grows on the mas-ter's grave, Ben Bolt, The

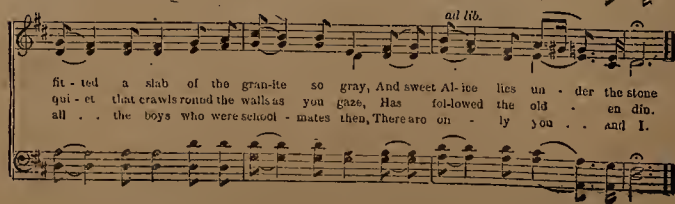


cor-ner ob-scure and a-lone, They have fit-ted a slab of the
raft-ers have tum-bled in, And a qui-et that crawls round the
spring of the brook is . . . dry, And of all the boys who were



gran-ite so gray, And sweet Al-ice lies un-der the stone, They have
walls as you gaze, Has fol-lowed the old . . . en din, And a
school-mates then, There are on-ly you . . . and I; And of

all lib.

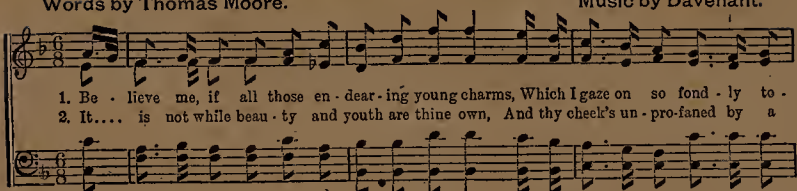


fit-ted a slab of the gran-ite so gray, And sweet Al-ice lies un-der the stone
qui-et that crawls round the walls as you gaze, Has fol-lowed the old . . . en dio.
all . . . the boys who were school-mates then, There are on-ly you . . . and I.

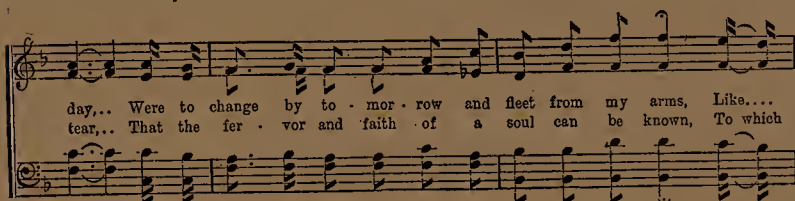
BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.

Words by Thomas Moore.

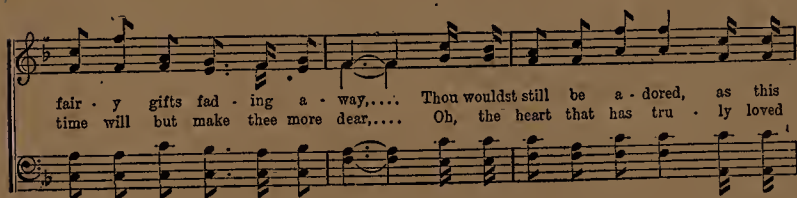
Music by Davenant.



1. Be - lieve me, if all those en - dear - ing young charms, Which I gaze on so fond - ly to -
2. It.... is not while beau - ty and youth are thine own, And thy cheek's un - pro-faned by a



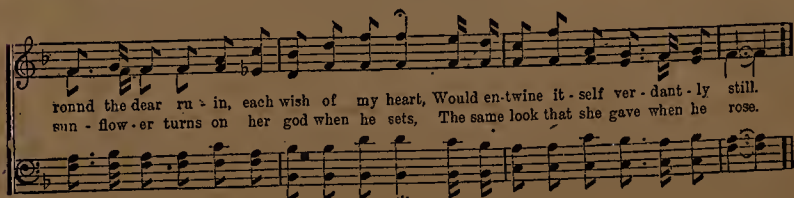
day... Were to change by to - mor - row and fleet from my arms, Like....
tear... That the fer - vor and faith of a soul can be known, To which



fair - y gifts fad - ing a - way.... Then wouldst still be a - dored, as this
time will but make thee more dear.... Oh, the heart that has tru - ly loved



mo - ment thou art, Let thy love - li - ness fade as it will... And a -
nev - er for - gets, But as tru - ly loves on to the close... As the



round the dear ru - in, each wish of my heart, Would en - twine it - self ver - dant - ly still.
sun - flower turns on her god when he sets, The same look that she gave when he rose.

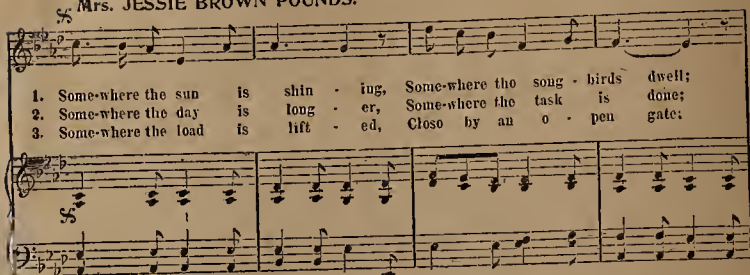
Beautiful Isle of Somewhere.

WORDS BY

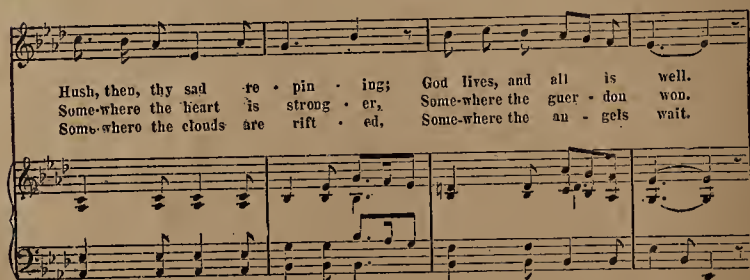
Mrs. JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

MUSIC BY

J. S. FEARIS.



1. Some-where the sun is shin - ing, Some-where the song - birds dwell;
 2. Some-where the day is long - er, Some-where the task is done;
 3. Some-where the load is lift - ed, Close by an o - pen gate:

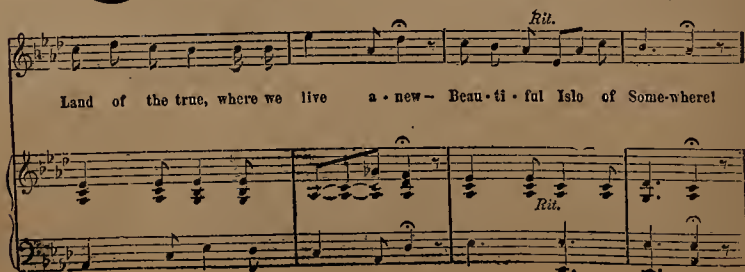


Hush, then, thy sad re - pin - ing; God lives, and all is well.
 Some-where the heart is strong - er, Some-where the guer - don won.
 Some-where the clouds are rift - ed, Some-where the an - gels wait.

REFRAIN.



Some - where, Some - where, Beau - ti - ful Isle of Some - where!



Land of the true, where we live a - new - Beau - ti - ful Isle of Some-where!

THE BONNIE BANKS O' LOCH LOMON:

Ritard. stain with expression.

1. By— you bon—nie banks and by you bon—nie hraes Where the
 2. 'Twas there that we pairt—ed in you shay—dy gien, On the
 3. The— wee bird—ies sing, and the wild flow—ers spring, An' in

sun shines bright on Loch Lo—mon, Where I and my true love were
 steep, steep side o' Ben Lo—mon, Where in pair—ple has—the
 sun-shine the wa—ters are steep—in, But the bro—ken heart it

ev—er want to gae, On the bon—nie, bon—nie banks of Loch Lo—mon.
 hie—land hills we view An' the moon com in' oot in the gloom—in.
 kens me sec—ond spring, Tho' the wae—fu' may—cease frue their greet—in.

SOPR. Chorus.

mp

ALTO. *mp* O you'll tak' the high road, and I'll tak' the low road, An' I'll be in Scot-land a—

TEN. *mp*

BASS.

a tempo

fore ye; But I and my true love will nev—er meet a—gain, On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch

Lo—mon.

THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMIN'.

TRADITIONAL.
allegro.

PIANO. *f*

1. The Campbells are com-in', o - ho, o - ho, The Campbells are com-in', o - ho, o - ho, Tho
2. The Campbells are com-in', o - ho, o - ho, The Campbells are com-in', o - ho, o - ho, The
3. The Campbells are com-in', o - ho, o - ho, The Campbells are com-in', o - ho, o - ho, The

Campbells are com-in' To bon - nie Lock-le - ven; The Campbells are comin', o - ho, o - ho. Up -
Campbells are com-in' To bon - nie Lock-le - ven; The Campbells are comin', o - ho, o - ho. Great
Campbells are com-in' To bon - nie Lock-le - ven; The Campbells are comin', o - ho, o - ho. The

on the Lomonds I lay, I lay, Up - on the Lomonds I lay, I lay, I look - ed down to
Ar - gyle, he goes he - fore, He makes the cannons and guns to roar; Wi' sound o' trumpet.
Campbells they are a' in arms, Their loy - al faith and truth to show; Wi' ban - ners rat - tlin'

bonnie Lochleven, and saw three bon - nie pip - ers play.
pipe, and drum, The Campbells are comin', o - ho, o - ho.
in the wind, The Campbells are comin', o - ho, o - ho.

Moderato.

COME BACK TO ERIN.

(CLARIBEL,

mp

1. Come back to E - rin, Ma-vour-neen, Ma-vour-neen, Come back, A - roon, to the
2. O - ver the green sea, Ma-vour-neen, Ma-vour-neen, Long shone the white sail that
3. Oh, may the an - gels o' wak - in' and sleep - in' Watch o'er my bird in the

mp

land of thy birth... Come with the sham - rocks and spring-time, Ma - vour - neen,
bore thee a - way.... Hid - ing the white waves that fair sum - mer morn - in',
land far a - way.... And it's my pray'rs will con - sign to their keep - in'.

And it's Kil-lar - ney shall ring with our mirth, Sure, when we lent ye to beau - ti - ful Eng - land,
Just like a May-flow'r a - float on the bay. Oh, but my heart sank when clouds came between us,
Care of my jew - el by night and by day, When by the fire - side I watch the bright em - bers,

Lit - tle we thought of the lone win - ter days, Lit - tle we thought of the
Like - a gray cur - tain, the rain fall - ing down, Hid from my sad eyes the
Then all my heart flee to Eng - land and thee, Orav - in' to know if my

hush of the star - shine O - ver the moon - tain, the bluffs and the brays! Then
path o'er the o - cean, Far, far a - way, where my Col - leen had flown. Then
dar lin' re - mem - bers, Or if her thoughts may be cross - in' to me. Then

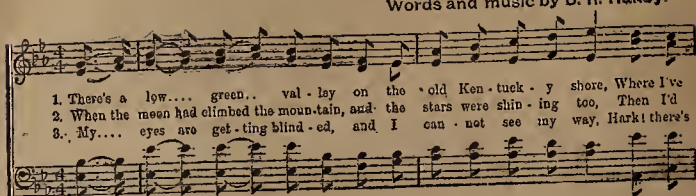
come back to E - rin, Ma-vour-neen, Ma-vour-neen, Come back a - gain to the land of thy birth,

cres. *molto cres.*

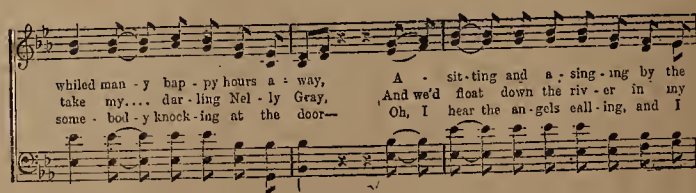
Come back to E - rin, Ma-vour-neen, Ma-vour-neen, And its Kil-lar - ney shall ring with our mirth.

DARLING NELLY GRAY.

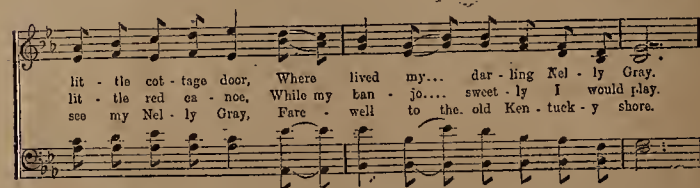
Words and music by B. R. Harby.



1. There's a low... green.. val - lay on the old Ken-tuck - y shore, Where I've
 2. When the moon had climbed the moun-tain, and the stars were shin - ing too, Then I'd
 3. My... eyes are get-ting blind-ed, and I can - not see my way, Hark! there's

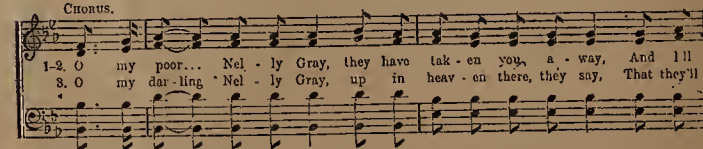


whiled man - y hap - py hours a - way, A - sit-ting and a - sing - ing by the
 take my... dar - ling Nel - ly Gray, And we'd float down the riv - er in my
 some - bod - y knock - ing at the door— Oh, I hear the an - gels call - ing, and I

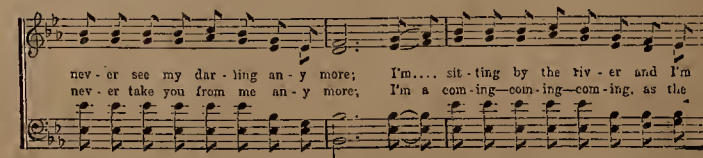


lit - tle cot - tage door, Where lived my... dar - ling Nel - ly Gray.
 lit - tle red ea - noe, While my ban - jo... sweet - ly I would play.
 see my Nel - ly Gray, Fare - well to the old Ken - tuck - y shore.

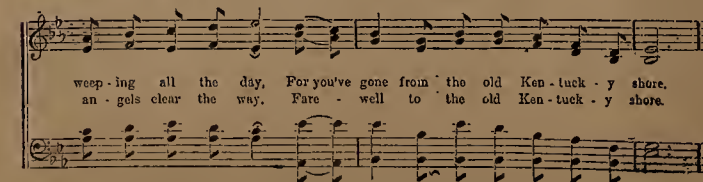
CHORUS.



1-2. O my poor... Nel - ly Gray, they have tak - en you, a - way, And I'll
 3. O my dar - ling Nel - ly Gray, up in heav - en there, they say, That they'll



nev - er see my dar - ling an - y more; I'm... sit - ting by the riv - er and I'm
 nev - er take you from me an - y more; I'm a com - ing—com - ing—com - ing, as the



weep - ing all the day, For you've gone from the old Ken - tuck - y shore,
 an - gels clear the way, Fare - well to the old Ken - tuck - y shore.

DIXIE LAND

Dan. Emmet.

p Allegro.

1. I wish I was in de land ob cot-ton, Old times dar am not for-got-ten,
 2. Old Mis-sus mar-ry "Will-de-wea-ber," Will-um was a gay de-ceab-er;
 3. His face was sharp as a butch-er's clea-her, But dat did not seem to greab'er;

f Look a-way, Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land. In Dix-ie Land whar I was born in,
 Look a-way, Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land. But when he put his arm a-round'er, He
 Look a-way, Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land. Old Mis-sus act-ed the fool-ish part, And

f Ear-ly on one fros-ty morn-in, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land.
 smiled as fierce as a for-ty pounder, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land.
 died for a man dat broke her heart, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land.

CHORUS

Den I wish I was in Dix-ie, Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray! In Dix-ie Land, I'll

took my stand To lih and die in Dix-ie, A-way, A-way, A-

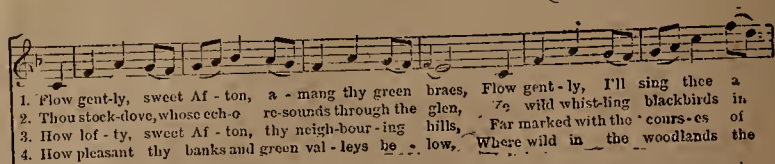
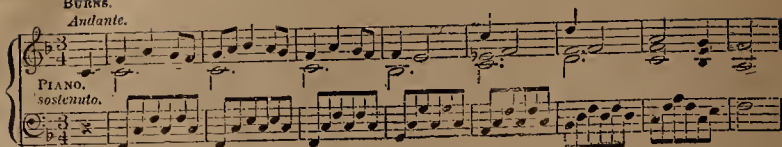
way down sonth in Dix-ie, A-way, A-way, A-way down sonth in Dix-ie.

4 Now here's a healtb to the next old Missus,
 And all de gals dat want to kiss us;
 Look away! etc.,
 Bnt if you want to drive 'way sorrow,
 Come and hear dis song to-morrow,
 Look away! etc.,

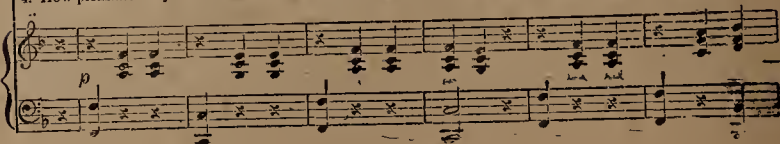
5 Dar's buck-wheat cakes an' Ingen' batter,
 Makes you fat or a little fatter;
 Look away! etc.,
 Den boe it down an scratch your grabble,
 To Dixie's land I'm bonnd to tabble,
 Look away! etc.,

FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON.

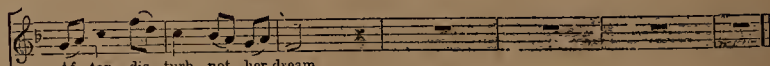
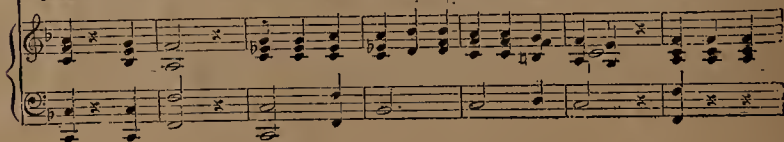
BURNS.
Andante.



1. Flow gently, sweet Af-ton, a-mang thy green braes, Flow gently, I'll sing thee a
2. Thou stock-dove, whose ech-o re-sounds through the glen, To wild whistling blackbirds in
3. How lof-ty, sweet Af-ton, thy neigh-hour-ing hills, Far marked with the cours-es of
4. How pleasant thy banks and green val-leys be-low, Where wild in the woodlands the



song in thy praise; My Ma-ry's a-sleep by thy mur-mur-ing stream, Flow gently, sweet
you thorn-y den, Thou green-est-ed lap-wing, thy screaming for-bear, I charge you dis-
clear-wind-ing rills! There dai-ly I wan-der as morn-ris-es high, My flocks and my
prim-ros-es blow! There oft as mild evening creeps o-ver the lea, The sweet-scent-ed



Af-ton, dis-turb not her dream,
turb not my slum-ber-ing fair.
Ma-ry's sweet cot in my eye.
birkshades my Ma-ry and me.

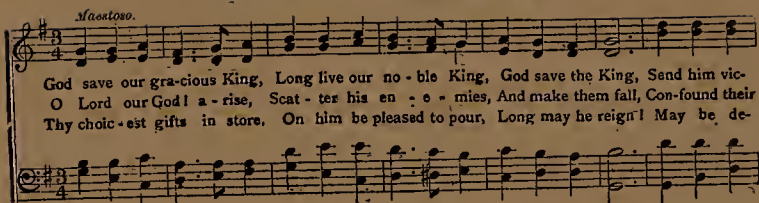


5 Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides!
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave
As gath'ring sweet flow'rets she stems thy clear wave.

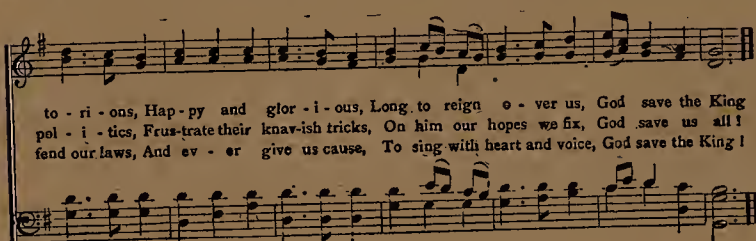
6 Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes.
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays:
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream

God Save the King.

Moderato.



God save our gra-cious King, Long live our no-ble King, God save the King, Send him vic-
O Lord our God! a-rise, Scat-ter his en-e-mies, And make them fall, Con-found their
Thy choic-est gifts in store, On him be pleased to pour, Long may he reign! May be de-



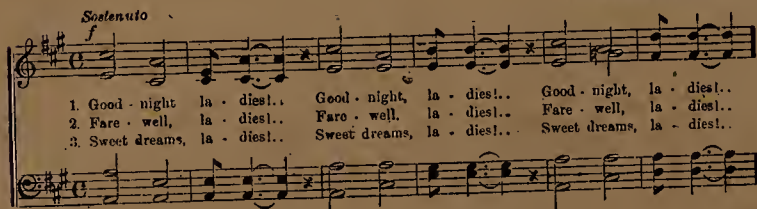
to-ri-ous, Hap-py and glor-i-ous, Long to reign o-ver us, God save the King
pol-i-tics, Frustrate their knav-ish tricks, On him our hopes we fix, God save us all!
fend our laws, And ev-er give us cause, To sing with heart and voice, God save the King!

GOOD-NIGHT, LADIES!

Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.

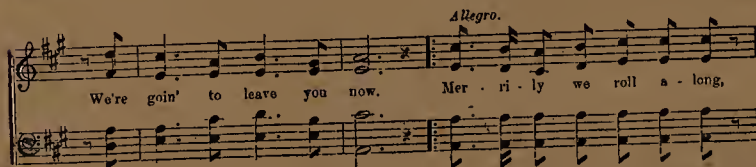
Sostenuto

f



1. Good - night la - dies!.. Good - night, la - dies!.. Good - night, la - dies!..
2. Fare - well, la - dies!.. Fare - well, la - dies!.. Fare - well, la - dies!..
3. Sweet dreams, la - dies!.. Sweet dreams, la - dies!.. Sweet dreams, la - dies!..

Allegro.



We're goin' to leave you now. Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long.

rall. *rit.* *Repeat pp.*

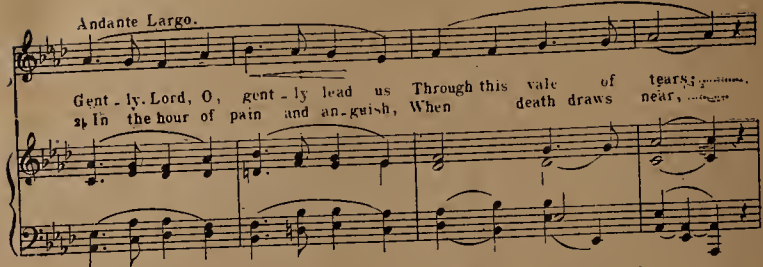


roll a - long, roll a - long, Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long, O'er the dark blue sea.

Gently, Lord, O, Gently Lead Us.

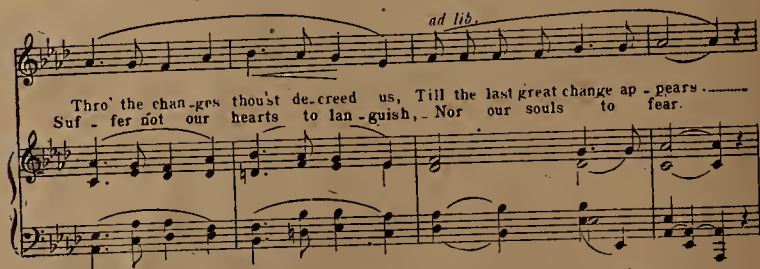
by W. T. PORTER.

Andante Largo.



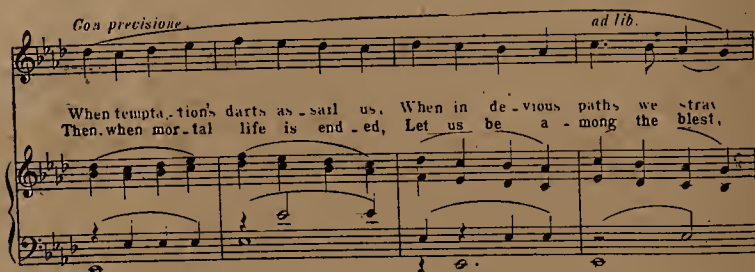
Gent - ly, Lord, O, gent - ly lead us Through this vale of tears,
In the hour of pain and an - guish, When death draws near,

ad lib.




Thro' the chan - ges thou'st de - creed us, Till the last great change ap - pears.
Suf - fer not our hearts to lan - guish, - Nor our souls to fear.

Con precisione. *ad lib.*



When tempta - tion's darts as - sail us, When in de - vious paths we stray
Then when mor - tal life is end - ed, Let us be a - mong the blest,

al tempo. *molto espressivo.*



Let thy goodness nev - er fail us, Show us thy way.
And by an - gel bands at - tend - ed, There we shall rest.

HUNTINGTOWER; OR "WHEN YE GANG AWA, JAMIE."

Andantino.
PIANO. p dolce.

1. JEANIE. When ye gang a - wa, Ja - mie, Far a - cross tho sea, laddie,
 2. JAMIE. I'll send ye a braw new gown, Jea - nie, The braw - est in the town, las - sie, And
 3. JEANIE. That's nao gift a - va, Ja - mie, Silk and gowd and a', laddie, There's
 4. JAMIE. When I come back a - gain, Jea - nie, Frae a for - eign land, lassie, I'll

p *cres.*

When ye gang to Ger - na - nie, What will ye send to me, lad - die?
 it shall be o' silk and gowd, Wi' Val - en - ciennes set round, las - sie.
 ne'er a gown in a' the land I'd like when ye're a - wa, lad - die.
 bring wi' me a gal - lant gay, To be your ain gude - man, las - sie.

p

dolce.

JEANIE. Be my gudeman yoursel', Jamie,
 Marry me yoursel', laddie,
 And tak' me ower to Germanie,
 Wi' you, at hame to dwell, laddie.

JAMIE. I dinna ken how that wad do, Jeanie,
 I dinna see how that can be, lassie,
 For I've a wife and bairnies three,
 And I'm no surc how ye'd agree, lassie.

JEANIE. Ye should hae telt me that in time, Jamie,
 Yes should hae telt me that langsyne, laddie,
 For had I kent o' your fause heart,
 Ye ne'er had gotten mine, laddie.

JAMIE. Your een were like a spell, Jeanie,
 Mair sweet than I could tell, lassie,
 That ilka day bewitch'd me sae,
 I couldna help mysel'. lassie.

JEANIE. Gae back to your wife and hame, Jamie,
 Gae back to your bairnies three, laddie,
 And I will pray they ne'er may thole
 A braken heart like me, laddie.

JAMIE. Dry that tearfu' e'e, Jeanie,
 Grieve nao mair for me, lassie,
 I've neither wife nor bairnies three,
 And I'll wed nane but thee, lassie.

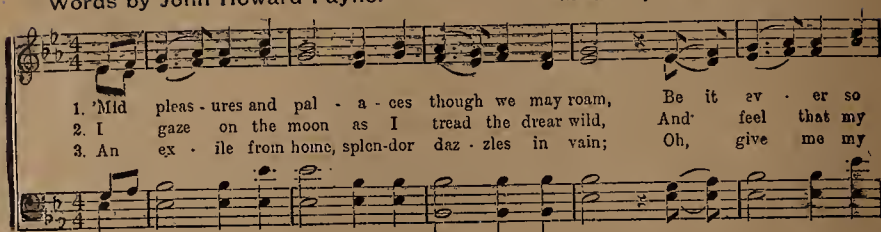
JEANIE. Think weel, for fear you rue, Jamie,
 Ye'll no get ane mair true, laddie;
 But I have neither gowd nor lands,
 To bo a match for you, laddie.

JAMIE. Blair in Athol's mine, lassie,
 Fair Dunkeld is mine, lassie.
 Saint Johnstoun's bower, and Huntingtower,
 And a' that's mine is thine, lassie.

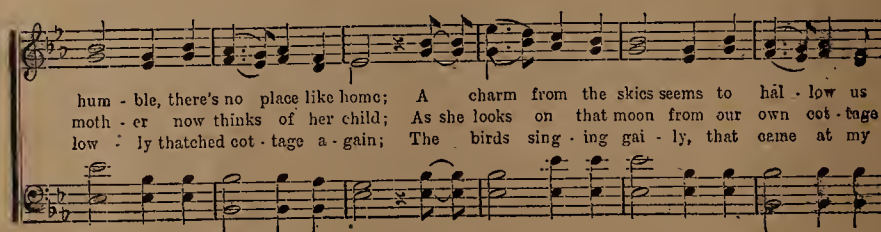
HOME, SWEET HOME.

Words by John Howard Payne.

Music by Sir Henry Bishop.

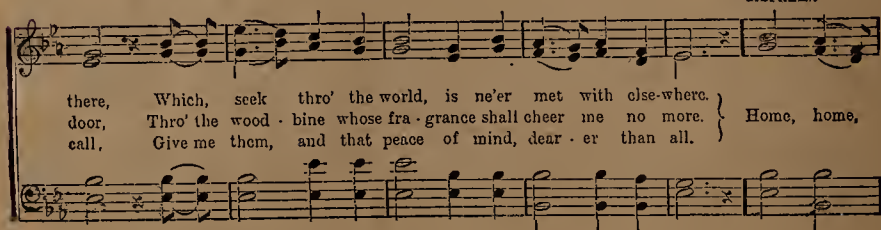


1. 'Mid pleas - ures and pal - a - ces though we may roam, Be it ev - er so
 2. I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild, And feel that my
 3. An ex - ile from home, splen - dor daz - zles in vain; Oh, give me my

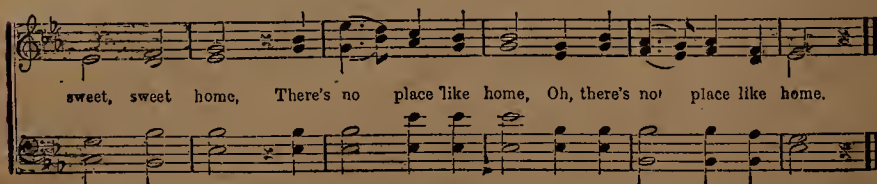


hum - ble, there's no place like home; A charm from the skies seems to hál - low us
 moth - er now thinks of her child; As she looks on that moon from our own cot - tage
 low - ly thatched cot - tage a - gain; The birds sing - ing gai - ly, that came at my

REFRAIN.



there, Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else-where.
 door, Thro' the wood - bine whose fra - grance shall cheer me no more. } Home, home,
 call, Give me them, and that peace of mind, dear - er than all. }

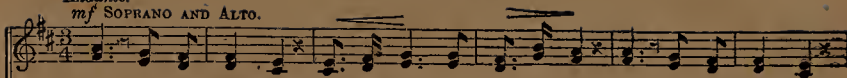


sweet, sweet home, There's no place like home, Oh, there's no place like home.

JUANITA

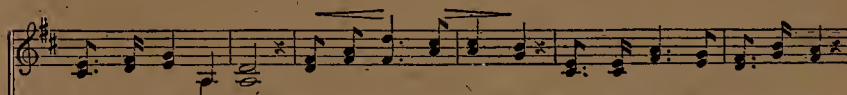
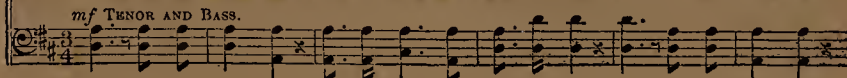
Andante.

mf SOPRANO AND ALTO.

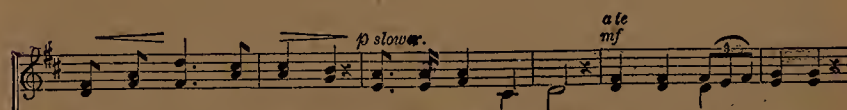
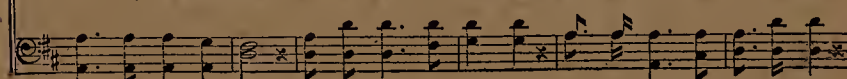


1. Soft o'er the foun-tain, Ling'ring falls the south-ern moon; Far o'er the moun-tain,
2. When in thy dream-ing, Moonslike theseshall shine a - gain, And day-ight beam ing

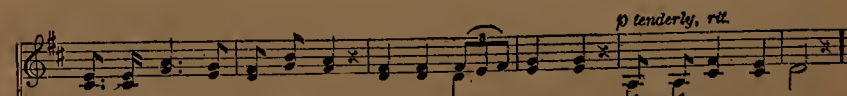
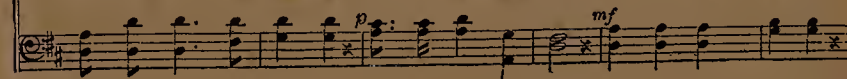
mf TENOR AND BASS.



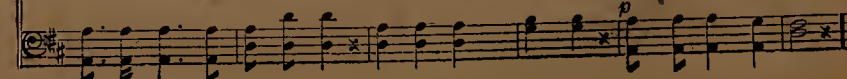
Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eye's splen-dor, Where the warm light loves to dwell,
Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not, re-lent-ing, For thine ah-sent lov-er sigh,



Wea-ry looks, yet ten'-der, Speak their fond fare - well! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta!
In thy heart con-sent-ing To a pray'r gone by? Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta!



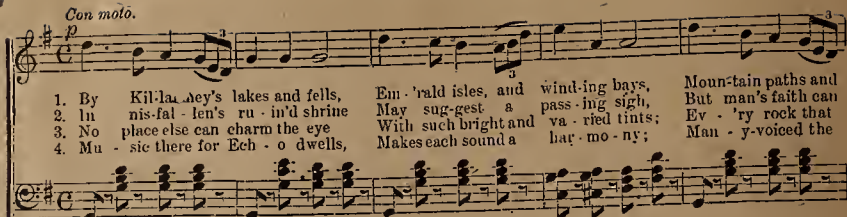
Ask thy soul If we should part! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Lean thou on my heart.
Let me lin - ger by thy side! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Be my own fairrhide!



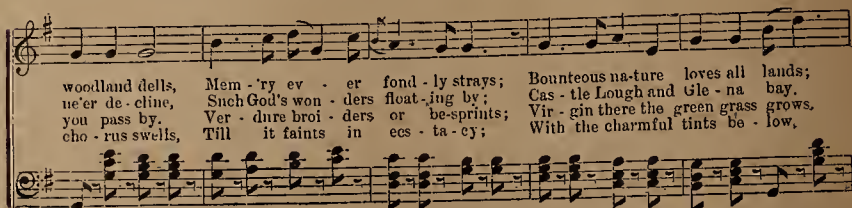
KILLARNEY.

BALFE.

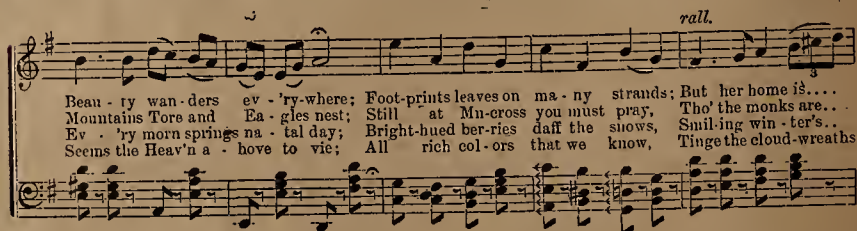
Con moto.



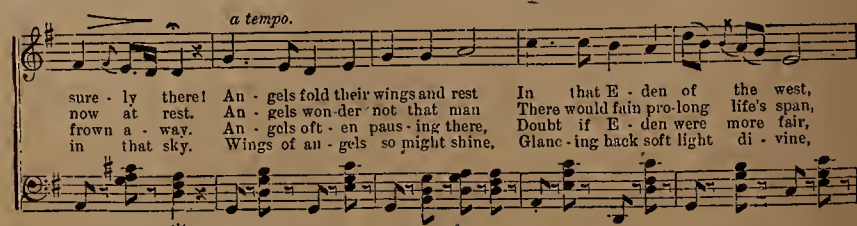
1. By Kil-lar-ney's lakes and fells, Em - 'rald isles, and wind-ing bays, Moun-tain paths and
2. In mis-fal - len's ru - in'd shrine May sug-gest a pass-ing sigh, But man's faith can
3. No place else can charm the eye With such bright and va - ried tints; Ev - 'ry rock that
4. Mu - sic there for Ech - o dwells, Makes each sound a har - mo - ny; Man - y-voiced the



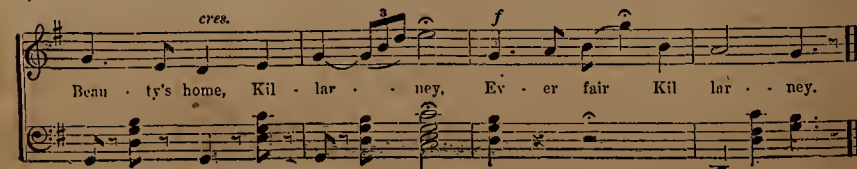
woodland dells, Mem - 'ry ev - er fond - ly strays; Boun-teous na-ture loves all lands;
ne'er de - cline, Such God's won - ders float-ing by; Cas - tie Lough and Gle - na bay.
you pass by. Ver - dure broi - ders or be-springs; Vir - gin there the green grass grows.
cho - rus swells, Till it faints in ecs - ta - cy; With the charmful tints be - low,



Beau - ry wan - ders ev - 'ry-where; Foot-prints leaves on ma - ny strands; But her home is...
Mountains Tore and Ea - gles nest; Still at Mn-cross you must pray, Tho' the monks are...
Ev - 'ry morn springs na - tal day; Bright-hued ber-ries daff the snows, Smil-ing win - ter's...
Seems the Heav'n a - bove to vie; All rich col - ors that we know, Tinge the cloud-wreaths



sure - ly there! An - gels fold their wings and rest In that E - den of the west,
now at rest. An - gels won - der not that man There would fain pro-long life's span,
frown a - way. An - gels oft - en paus-ing there, Doubt if E - den were more fair,
in that sky. Wings of an - gels so might shine, Glanc-ing back soft light di - vine,



Beau - ty's home, Kil - lar - ney, Ev - er fair Kil lar - ney.

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

LADY NAIRNE.

Adagio.

PIANO. *p*

1. I'm wear-in' a - wa', Jean, Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, Jean, I'm wear-in' a - wa' To the
2. Ye aye were leal and true, Jean, Your task's end-ed noo, Jean, And I'll wel-come you To the
3. Then dry that tear-fu' e'e, Jean, My soullangs to be free, Jean, And angels wait on me To the

pp *legato.*

mf

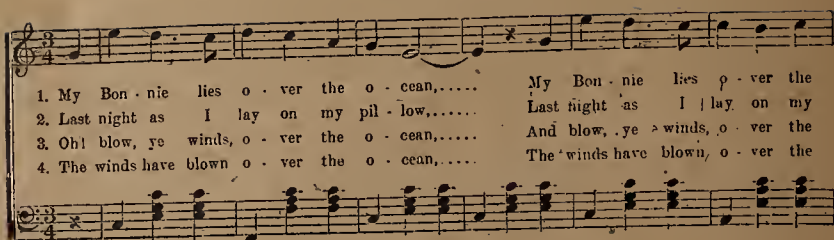
land o' the leal. There's nae sor-row there, Jean, There's neither could nor care, Jean, The
land o' the leal. Our bon-nie bairn's there, Jean, She was haith gude and fair, Jean,
land o the leal. Now fare ye weel, my ain Jean, This world's care is vain, Jean, We'll

mf *p*

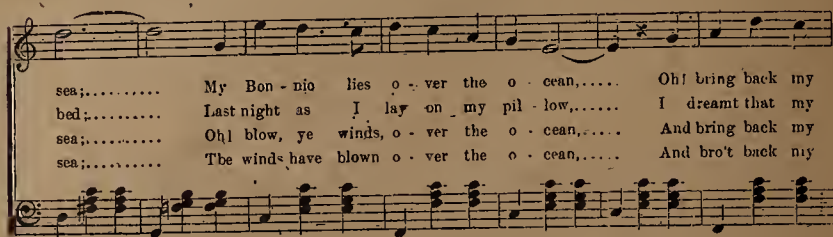
ay is aye fair In the land o' the leal.
And we grudge'd hersair To the land o' the leal.
meet and aye be fain In the land o' the leal.

mf *dim.*

MY BONNIE

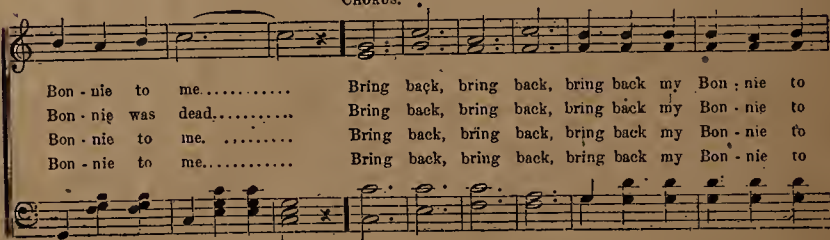


1. My Bon - nie lies o - ver the o - cean,..... My Bon - nie lies o - ver the
 2. Last night as I lay on my pil - low,..... Last night as I lay on my
 3. Oh! blow, ye winds, o - ver the o - cean,..... And blow, ye winds, o - ver the
 4. The winds have blown o - ver the o - cean,..... The winds have blown, o - ver the

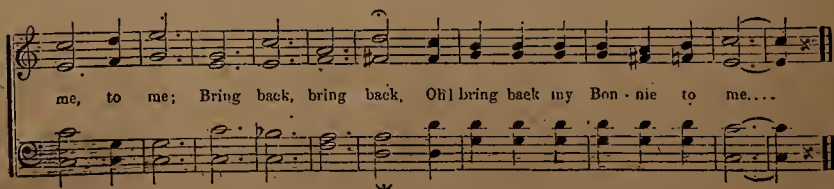


sea;..... My Bon - nie lies o - ver the o - cean,..... Oh! bring back my
 bed;..... Last night as I lay on my pil - low,..... I dreamt that my
 sea;..... Oh! blow, ye winds, o - ver the o - cean,..... And bring back my
 sea;..... The winds have blown o - ver the o - cean,..... And bro't back my

CHORUS.



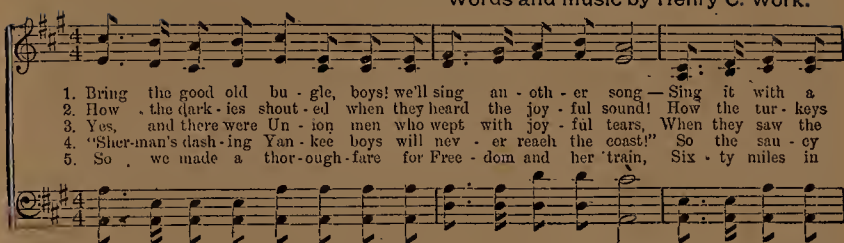
Bon - nie to me..... Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bon - nie to
 Bon - nie was dead..... Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bon - nie to
 Bon - nie to me..... Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bon - nie to
 Bon - nie to me..... Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bon - nie to



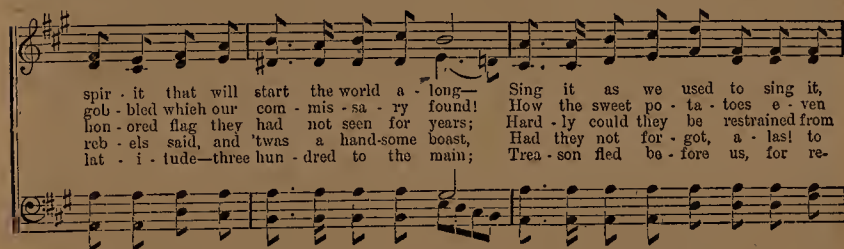
me, to me; Bring back, bring back, Oh! bring back my Bon - nie to me....

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

Words and music by Henry C. Work.

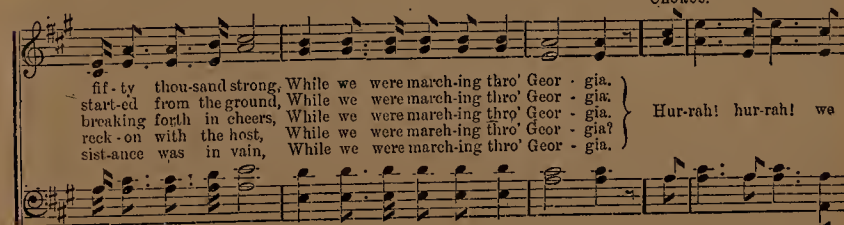


1. Bring the good old bu - gle, boys! we'll sing an - oth - er song - Sing it with a
 2. How the dark - ies shout - ed when they heard the joy - ful sound! How the tur - keys
 3. Yes, and there were Un - ion men who wept with joy - ful tears, When they saw the
 4. "Sher-man's dash - ing Yan - kee boys will nev - er reach the coast!" So the sau - cy
 5. So we made a thor - ough - fare for Free - dom and her 'train, Six - ty miles in



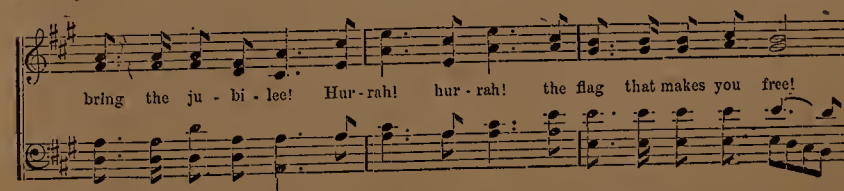
spir - it that will start the world a - long - Sing it as we used to sing it,
 gob - bled which our com - mis - sa - ry found! How the sweet po - ta - toes e - ven
 hon - ored flag they had not seen for years; Hard - ly could they be restrained from
 rob - els said, and 'twas a hand - some boast, Had they not for - got, a - las! to
 lat - i - tude - three hun - dred to the main; Treason fled be - fore us, for re -

CHORUS.

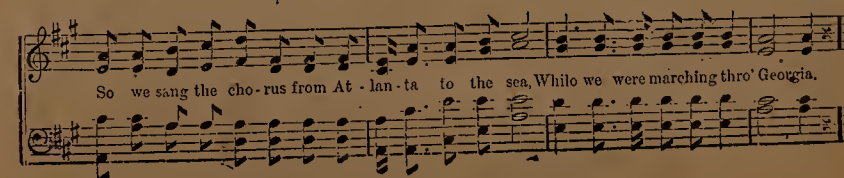


fit - ty thou - sand strong, While we were march - ing thro' Geor - gia.
 start - ed from the ground, While we were march - ing thro' Geor - gia.
 breaking forth in cheers, While we were march - ing thro' Geor - gia.
 rock - on with the host, While we were march - ing thro' Geor - gia?
 sist - ance was in vain, While we were march - ing thro' Geor - gia.

Hur - rah! hur - rah! wa

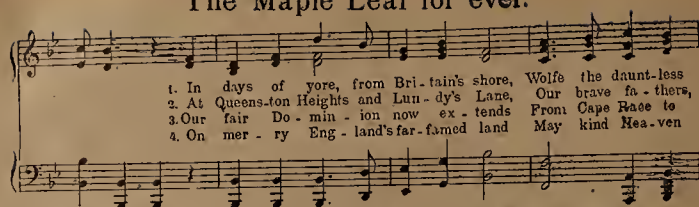


bring the ju - bi - lee! Hur - rah! hur - rah! the flag that makes you free!

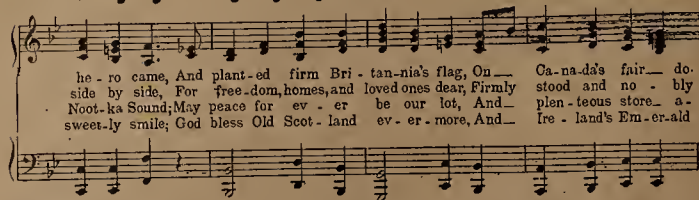


So we sang the cho - rus from At - lan - ta to the sea, While we were marching thro' Georgia.

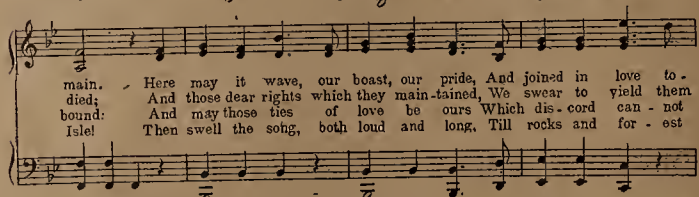
The Māple Leaf for ever.



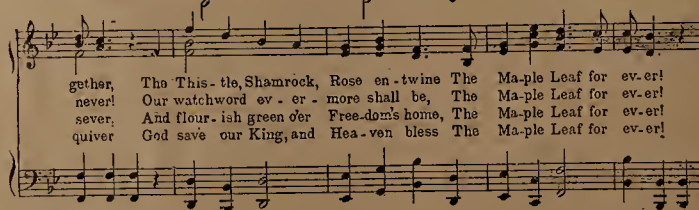
1. In days of yore, from Bri-tain's shore, Wolfe the daunt-less
 2. At Queens-ton Heights and Lun-dy's Lane, Our brave fa-thers,
 3. Our fair Do-min-ion now ex-tends From Cape Race to
 4. On mer-ry Eng-land's far-famed land May kind Hea-ven



he-ro came, And plant-ed firm Bri-tan-nia's flag, On— Ca-na-da's fair— do-
 side by side, For free-dom, homes, and loved ones dear, Firmly stood and no-bly
 Noot-ka Sound; May peace for ev-er be our lot, And plen-tious store— a-
 sweet-ly smile; God bless Old Scot-land ev-er more, And Ire-land's Em-er-ald

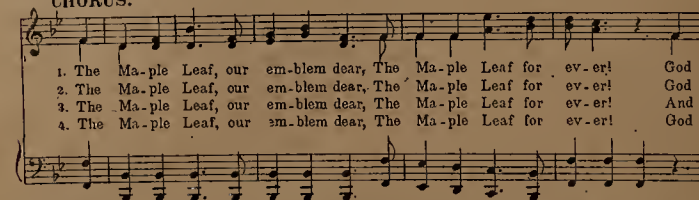


main. Here may it wave, our boast, our pride, And joined in love to-
 died; And those dear rights which they main-tained, We swear to yield them
 bound: And may those ties of love be ours Which dis-cord can-not
 Is! Then swell the song, both loud and long, Till rocks and for-est

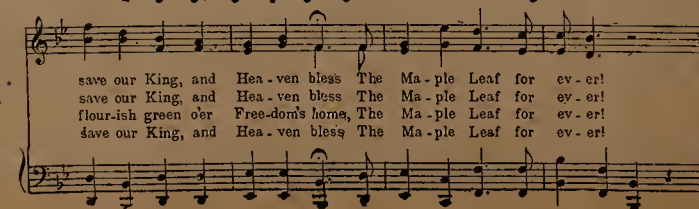


gether, The This-tle, Shamrock, Rose en-twine The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!
 never! Our watchword ev-er more shall be, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!
 sever, And flour-ish green o'er Free-dom's home, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!
 quiver God save our King, and Hea-ven bless The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!

CHORUS.



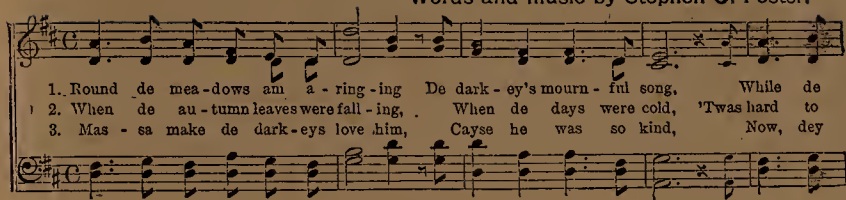
1. The Ma-ple Leaf, our em-blem dear, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er! God
 2. The Ma-ple Leaf, our em-blem dear, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er! God
 3. The Ma-ple Leaf, our em-blem dear, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er! And
 4. The Ma-ple Leaf, our em-blem dear, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er! God



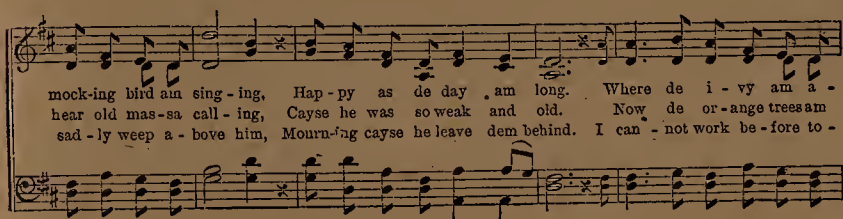
save our King, and Hea-ven bless The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!
 save our King, and Hea-ven bless The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!
 flour-ish green o'er Free-dom's home, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!
 save our King, and Hea-ven bless The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!

Massa's in de Cold Ground

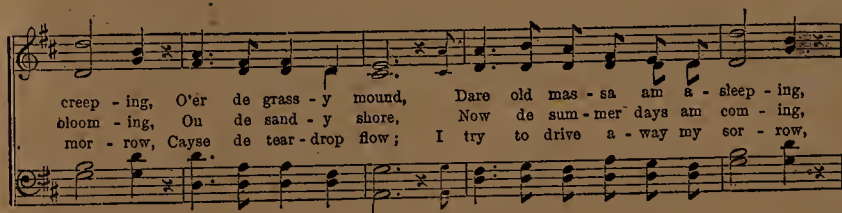
Words and music by Stephen O. Foster.



1. Round de mea-dows am a-ring-ing De dark-ey's mourn-ful song, While de
 2. When de au-tumn leaves were fall-ing, When de days were cold, 'Twas hard to
 3. Mas-sa make de dark-eyes love him, Cayse he was so kind, Now, dey

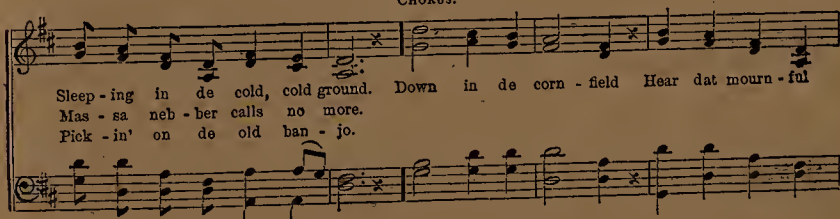


mock-ing bird an sing-ing, Hap-py as de day am long. Where de i-vy am a-
 hear old mas-sa call-ing, Cayse he was so weak and old. Now de or-ange trees am
 sad-ly weep a-bove him, Mourn-ing cayse he leave dem behind. I can-not work be-fore to-

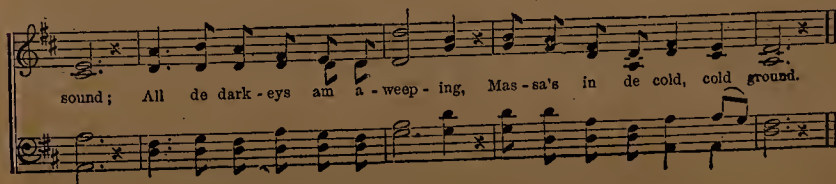


creep-ing, O'er de grass-y mound, Dare old mas-sa am a-sleep-ing,
 bloom-ing, On de sand-y shore, Now de sum-mer days am com-ing,
 mor-row, Cayse de tear-drop flow; I try to drive a-way my sor-row,

CHORUS.



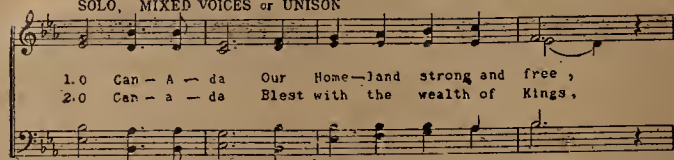
Sleep-ing in de cold, cold ground. Down in de corn-field Hear dat mourn-ful
 Mas-sa neb-ber calls no more.
 Pick-in' on de old ban-jo.



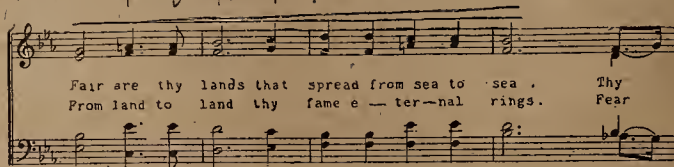
sound; All de dark-eyes am a-weep-ing, Mas-sa's in de cold, cold ground.

Written by Robert Todd. **O CANADA!** Melody by C LAVALLEE.

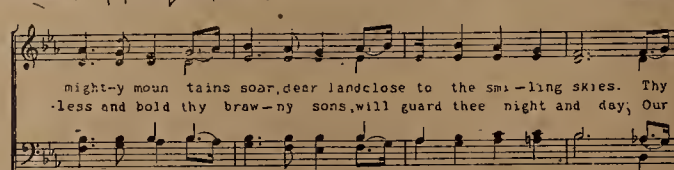
SOLO, MIXED VOICES or UNISON



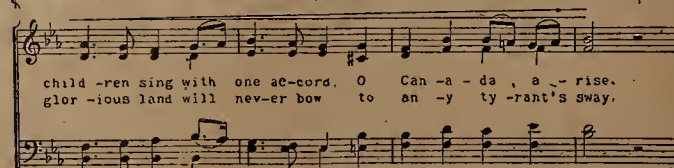
1.0 Can - A - da Our Home-land strong and free,
2.0 Can - a - da Blest with the wealth of Kings,



Fair are thy lands that spread from sea to sea. Thy
Prom land to land thy fame e - ter-nal rings. Fear

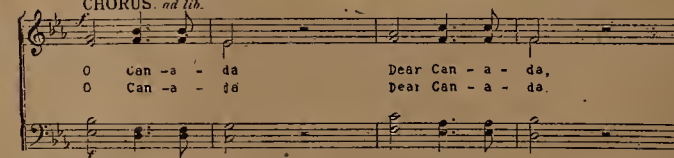


might-y moun tains soar, dear land close to the smi - ling skies. Thy
-less and bold thy brow - ny sons, will guard thee night and day; Our

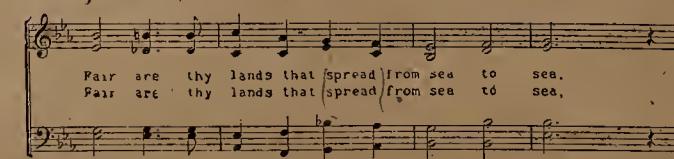


child - ren sing with one ac-cord, O Can - a - da, a - rise.
glor - ious land will nev - er bow to an - y ty - rant's sway.

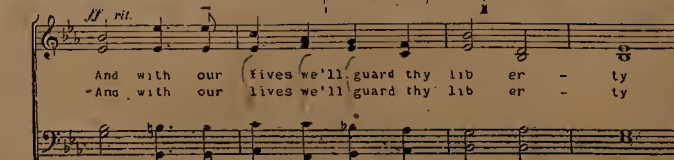
CHORUS. *ad lib.*



O Can - a - da Dear Can - a - da,
O Can - a - da Dear Can - a - da.



Fair are thy lands that spread from sea to sea,
Fair are thy lands that spread from sea to sea,



ff, rit.
And with our lives we'll guard thy lib er - ty
- And with our lives we'll guard thy lib er - ty

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada in the year 1909 by A. Cox & Co. at the Department of Agriculture Ottawa.

OLD BLACK JOE.

Poco adagio

Words and Music by STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

VOICE.

1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay. Gone are my friends from the
2. Why should I weep when my heart should feel no pain? Why do I sigh that my
3. Where are the hearts once so hap - py and so free? The chil - dren so dear that I

PIANO.

cot - ton fields a - way Gone from the earth to a bet - ter land I know, I
friends come not a - gain, Grief - ing for forms now de - part - ed long a - go? I
held up - on my knee. Gone to the shore where my soul has long d to go. I

hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing "Old Black Joe" *Chorus*

I'm com - ing. I'm com - ing. For my

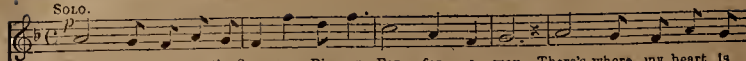
head is bend - ing low; I hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing "Old Black Joe."

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

Melody by S. C. Foster.

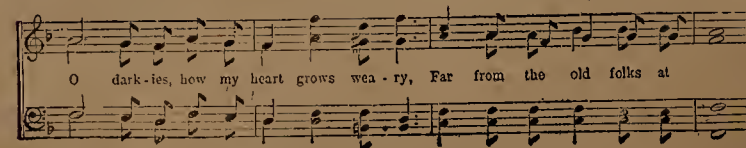
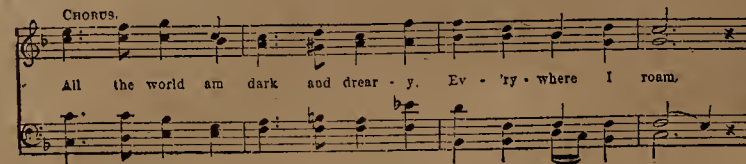
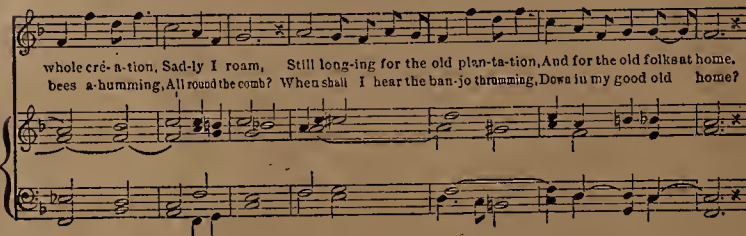
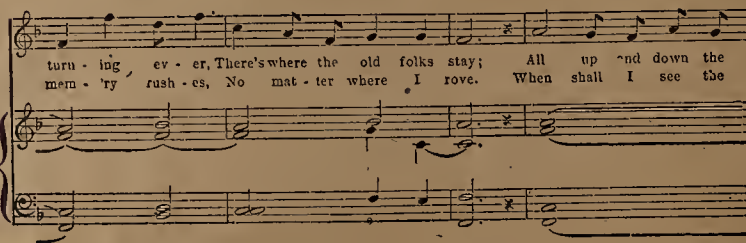
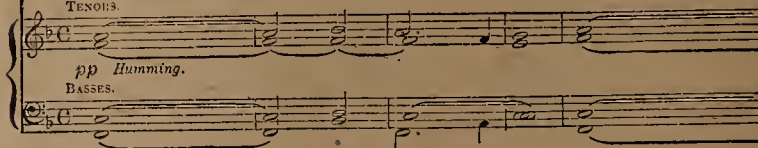
Harmonized by E. J. Biedermann.

SOLO.



1. Way down up-on the Swa-nee Riv-er, Far, far a-way, There's where my heart is
2. One lit-tle hut a-mong the bush-es, One that I love, Still sad-ly to my

CHORUS
TENORS.



THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET

Samuel Woodworth.

1. { How dear to this heart are the scenes of my child-hood, When fond rec-ol-
The or- chard, the mead-ow the deep tan-gled wild-wood, And ev-'ry loved

lec-tion pre-sents them to view! } { The wide-spread-ing pond, and the mill that stood
spot which my in-fau-cy knew; } { The cot of my fa-ther, the dai-ry-house

by it, The bridge and the rock where the cat-a-ract fell; } The old oak-en
nigh it. And e'en the rude buck-et that hung in the well.

buck-et, the i-ron-bound buck-et, The moss-covered buck-et that hung in the well

2 The moss-covered bucket I hailed as a treasure,
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell,
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

3 How sweet from the green, mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full-blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Tho' filled with the nectar that Jupiter sip
And now, far removed from the loved habitation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation
And sighs for the bucket that hung in the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.

RULE, BRITANNIA!

Words by James Thomson.

Music by Dr. Thomas A. Arne.

Mossoso.

mp

The first system of the musical score for 'Rule, Britannia!'. It consists of a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The vocal line begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note G4, and then a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

1. When
2. The
3. Still
4. Thee

The second system of the musical score. It includes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment continues with a consistent rhythmic pattern.

Brit - ain first,.... at heav'n's com - mand, A - rose..... from out the
na - tions not... so blessed as thee Must in..... their turn to
more ma - jes - tic shalt thou rise, More dread - ful from each
haugh - ty ty - rants ne'er shall tame; All their..... at tempts to

The third system of the musical score. It includes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics continue below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment features a more complex rhythmic pattern with sixteenth notes.

az - ure main, A - rose from out..... the az - ure.. main,
ty - rants fall, Must in.. their turn..... to ty - rants fall;
for - eign stroke. More dread - ful.. from..... each for - eign stroke;
bend.... thee down, All their at - tempts..... to bend thee down,

RULE, BRITANNIA!

2

This was the char - ter, the char - ter of the land, And
While thou shalt flour - ish, shalt flour - ish great and free, The
As the loud blast.... that tears..... the..... skies
Will but a . rouse... thy gen - 'rous..... flame, To

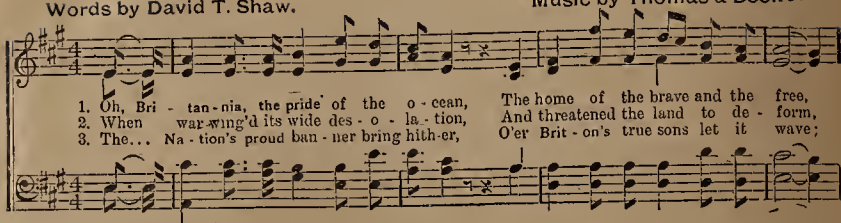
guard - ian... an - gels sang this strain: "Rule, Bri - tan - nia! Bri -
dread and... en - vy of them all. "Rule, Bri - tan - nia! Bri -
Serves but to root..... thy na - tive oak. "Rule, Bri - tan - nia! Bri -
work their... woe..... and thy re - nown. "Rule, Bri - tan - nia! Bri -

tan - nia, rule the waves; Brit - ons nev - er will be slaves."

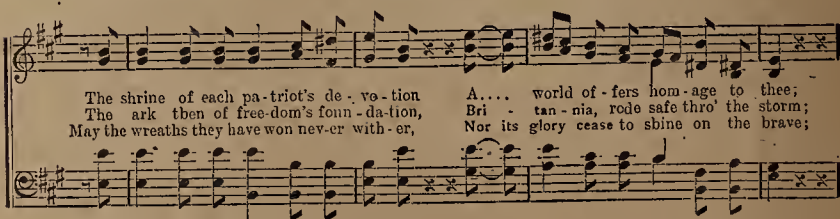
RED, WHITE AND BLUE

Words by David T. Shaw.

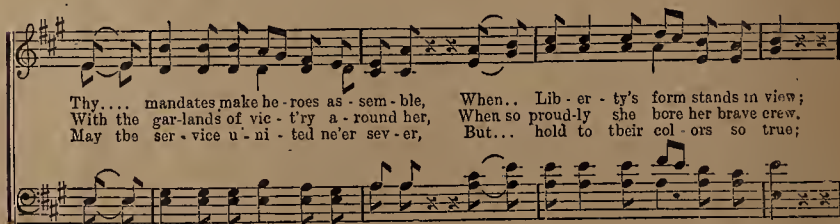
Music by Thomas à Becket.



1. Oh, Bri - tan - nia, the pride of the o - cean, The home of the brave and the free,
 2. When war - ring'd its wide des - o - la - tion, And threatened the land to de - form,
 3. The... Na - tion's proud ban - ner bring hith - er, O'er Brit - on's true sons let it wave;

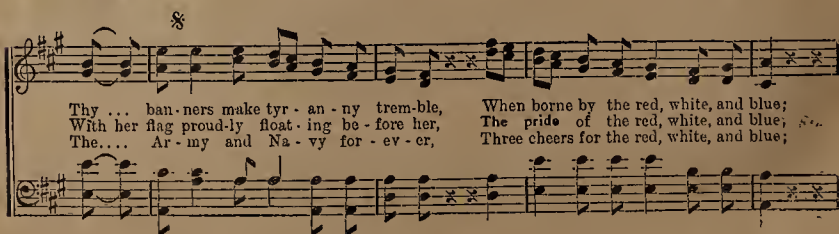


The shrine of each pa - triot's de - vo - tion A... world of - fers hom - age to thee;
 The ark then of free - dom's foun - da - tion, Bri - tan - nia, rode safe thro' the storm;
 May the wreaths they have won nev - er with - er, Nor its glory cease to shine on the brave;

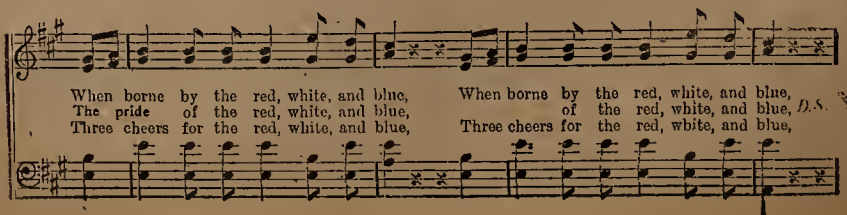


Thy... mandates make ho - roes as - sem - ble, When.. Lib - er - ty's form stands in view;
 With the gar - lands of vic - t'ry a - round her, When so proud - ly she bore her brave crew,
 May the ser - vice u - ni - ted ne'er sev - er, But... hold to their col - ors so true;

§



Thy... ban - ners make tyr - an - ny trem - ble, When borne by the red, white, and blue;
 With her flag proud - ly float - ing be - fore her, The pride of the red, white, and blue;
 The... Ar - my and Na - vy for - ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white, and blue;



When borne by the red, white, and blue, When borne by the red, white, and blue, *D.S.*
 The pride of the red, white, and blue, of the red, white, and blue,
 Three cheers for the red, white, and blue, Three cheers for the red, white, and blue,

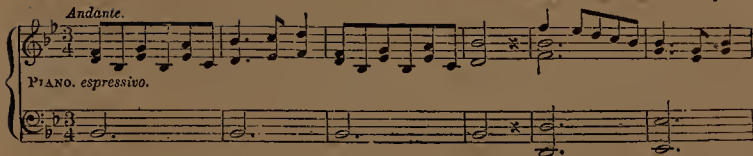
ROBIN ADAIR.

BURKS.

Irish and Scotch form of Melody.

Andante.

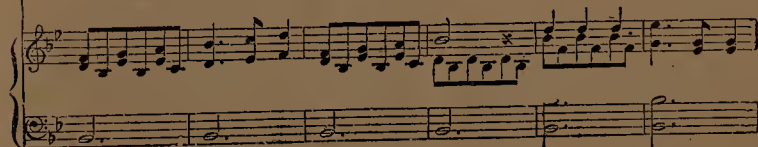
PIANO. *espressivo.*



1. What's this dull town to me? Ro-hin's not near.
2. What made th'as-sem-hly shine? Ro-hin A-dair.
3. But now thou'rt cold to me, Ro-hin A-dair.



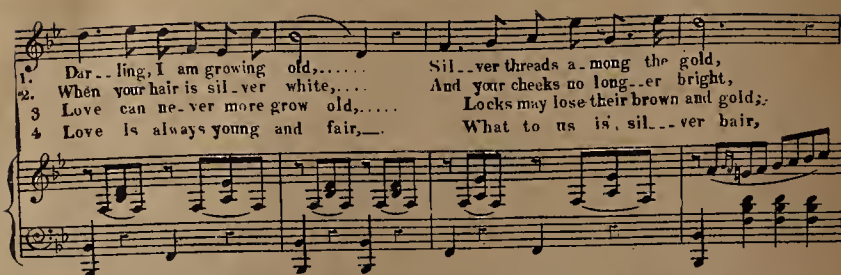
What was't I wish'd to see, What wish'd to hear? Where all the joy and mirth
What made the hall so fine? Ro-bin was there. What when the play was o'er,
But now thou'rt cold to me, Ro-hin A-dair. Yet he I lov'd so well



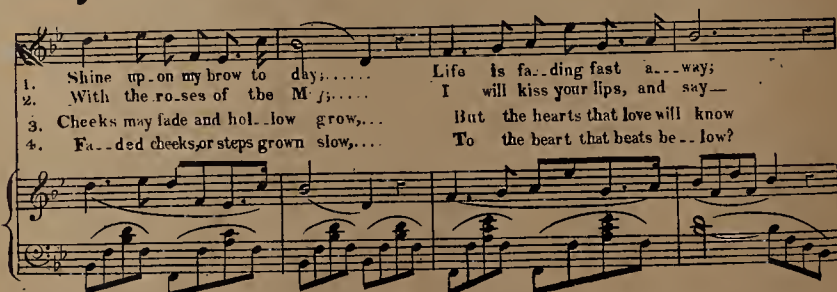
Made this town heav'n on earth? Oh, they're all fled with thee, Ro-hin A-dair.
What made my heart so sore? Oh, it was part-ing with Ro-bin A-dair.
Still in my heart shall dwell, Oh; I can ne'er for-get Ro-hin A-dair.



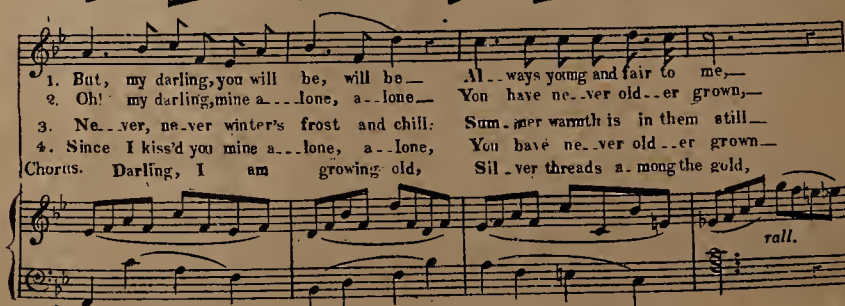
SILVER THREADS AMONG THE GOLD.



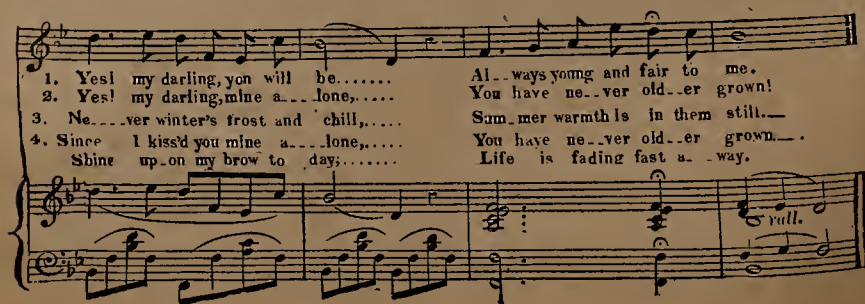
1. Dar..ling, I am growing old,..... Sil..ver threads a..mong the gold,
 2. When your hair is sil..ver white,.... And your cheeks no long..er bright,
 3. Love can ne..ver more grow old,..... Locks may lose their brown and gold;
 4. Love is always young and fair,.... What to us is, sil...ver hair,



1. Shine up on my brow to day,..... Life is fa..ding fast a...way;
 2. With the ro..ses of the M... I will kiss your lips, and say—
 3. Cheeks may fade and hol..low grow,.... But the hearts that love will know
 4. Fa..ded cheeks, or steps grown slow,.... To the heart that beats be..low?



1. But, my darling, you will be, will be— Al..ways young and fair to me,—
 2. Oh! my darling, mine a...lone, a...lone— You have ne..ver old..er grown,—
 3. Ne..ver, ne..ver winter's frost and chill: Sum..mer warmth is in them still—
 4. Since I kiss'd you mine a...lone, a...lone, You have ne..ver old..er grown—
 Chorus. Darling, I am growing old, Sil..ver threads a..mong the gold,
 rall.



1. Yes! my darling, you will be..... Al..ways young and fair to me.
 2. Yes! my darling, mine a...lone,.... You have ne..ver old..er grown!
 3. Ne..ver winter's frost and 'chill,.... Sum..mer warmth is in them still—
 4. Since I kiss'd you mine a...lone,.... You have ne..ver old..er grown—
 Shine up on my brow to day,..... Life is fading fast a...way.
 rall.

SOLDIER'S FAREWELL

Andante.
1st AND 2d TENOR.

Music by Johanna Kinkle.

1. How can I bear to leave thee? One part - ing kiss I give thee; And
2. No'er more may I be - hold thee, Or to this heart en - fold thee; With
3. I think of thee with long - ing, Think thou, when tears are throng - ing, That

1st AND 2d BASS.

cres. *p*

then what - e'er he - falls me, I go where hon - or calls me. Fare -
spear end pen - non glo - rio - ing, I see the foe ad - vanc - ing. Fare -
with my last faint sigh - ing, I'll whis - per soft, while dy - ing; Fare -

cres. *p*

Tranquillo e molto espress. *ff.* *pp.* *rit.*

well, fare - well, my own true love; Fare - well, fare - well, my own true love.

(85)

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

Words by Thomas Moore. Music by Molly Astor.

Andante. 1st verse *pp.*, 2d verse *ff.*

1. The harp that once thro' Ta - ra's halls The soul of mu - sic shed, Now hangs as mute on
2. No more to chiefs and la - dies bright The harp of Ta - ra swells; The chord, a - lone, that

Te - ra's walls As if that soul were dead!... So sleeps the pride of for - mer days, So
breaks at night, its tale of ru - in tells!... Thus Free - dom now so sel - dom wakes, The

glory's thrill is o'er!... And hearts that once beat high for praise, Now feel that praise no more.
on - ly thro' she gives... Is when some heart indignant breaks, To show that still she lives.

STAR OF THE EAST.

(MELODY, STAR OF THE SEA.)

Words by George Cooper.

Music by A. Kennedy.

PIANO.

♩ *Cantabile*

1. Star of the East. Oh Beth-le-hem's star, Guid-ing us on to Heav-en a - far!
2. Star of the East, un-dim'd by each cloud, What tho' the storms of grief gath-er loud?

Sor-row and grief are lul'd by thy light, Thou hope of each mor-tal, in death's lone-ly night!
Faith-ful and pure thy rays beam to save. Still bright o'er the era-dle, and bright o'er the gravel

Fear-less and tran-quil, we look up to thee! Know-ing thou beam'st thro' e-ter-ni-ty!
Smiles of a Sav-our are mir-ror'd in thee! Glimp-ses of Heav'n in thy light — we see!

Help us to fol-low where thou still dost guide, Pil-grims of earth so wide.
Guide us still on-ward -to that bless-ed shore, Af-ter earth's toil is o'er!

Ad.

* *Ad.*

* *Ad.*

*

Star of the East, thou hope of the soul, While round us here the dark bil-lows roll,

Ad.

* *Ad.*

* *Ad.*

* *Ad.*

* *Ad.*

* *Ad.*

* *Ad.*

* *Ad.*

*

Lead us from sin to glo-ry a - far, Thou star of - the East, thou sweet Bahl'-em's star.

Ad.

* *Ad.*

* *Ad.*

* *Ad.*

* *Ad.*

* *Ad.*

* *Ad.*

*

Solo or Duet.

Oh star that leads to God a - bove! Whose rays are Peace and Joy and Love! Watch

Ad.

* *Ad.*

* *Ad.*

* *Ad.*

* *Ad.*

* *Ad.*

*

o'er us still till life hath ceased, Beam on, bright star, sweet Beth - le - hem star!

Ad.

* *Ad.*

* *Ad.*

* *Ad.*

* *Ad.*

* *Ad.*

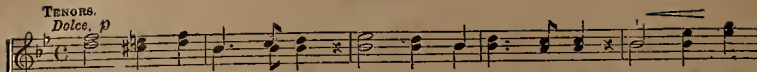
* *Ad.*

*

STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT.

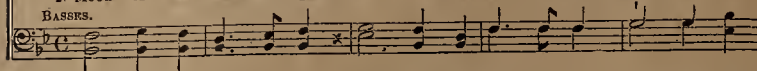
SERENADE.

TENORS.
Dolce, p



1 Stars of the sum - mer night, Far in yon az - ure deeps, Hide, hide your
2 Moon of the sum - mer night, Far down yon west - ern steep, Sunk, sunk in

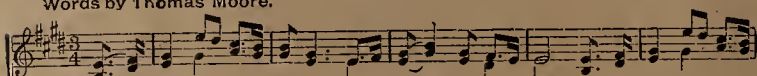
BASSES.



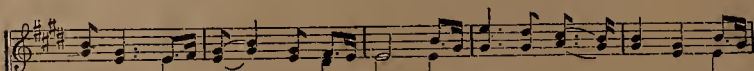
gold - en light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps; She sleeps, she sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.
sil - ver light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps; She sleeps, she sleeps, my la - dy sleeps

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.


Words by Thomas Moore.



1. 'Tis the last rose of sum - mer, Left bloom - ing a - lone; All her love - ly com -
2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the stem, Since the love - ly are
3. So soon may I fol - low, When friend - ships de - cay, And from love's shin - ing



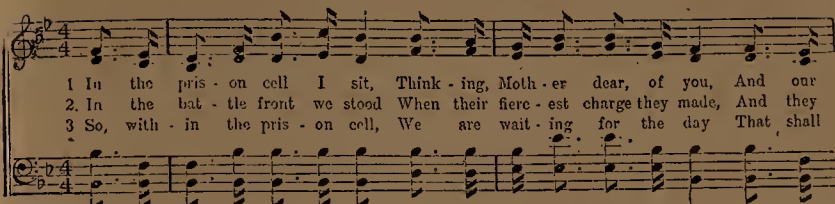
pan - ions Are sad - ed and gone; No flow - er of her kin - dred, No
sleep - ing, Go sleep thou with them; Thus kind - ly I scat - ter Thy
cir - cle The gems drop a - way; When true hearts lie with - ered, And



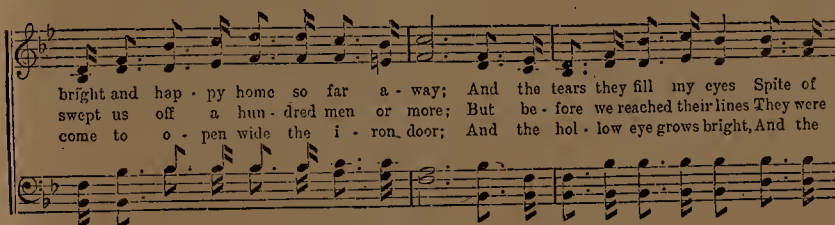
rose - bud is nigh, To re - flect back her blush - es, Or give sigh for sigh
leaves o'er the bed, Where thy mates of the gar - den Lie scent - less and dead
fond ones are flown, O, who would in - hab - it This bleak world a - lone

TRAMP! TRAMP! TRAMP!

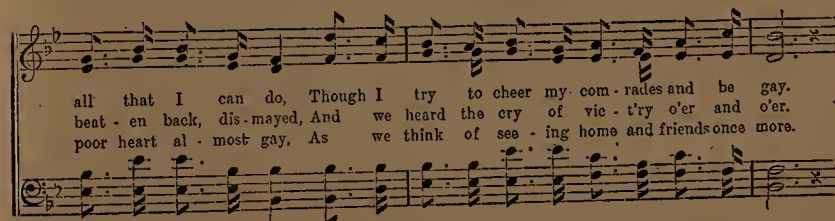
Words and music by Geo. F. Root.



1 In the pris - on cell I sit, Think - ing, Moth - er dear, of you, And our
2 In the bat - tle front we stood When their fierc - est charge they made, And they
3 So, with - in the pris - on cell, We are wait - ing for the day That shall

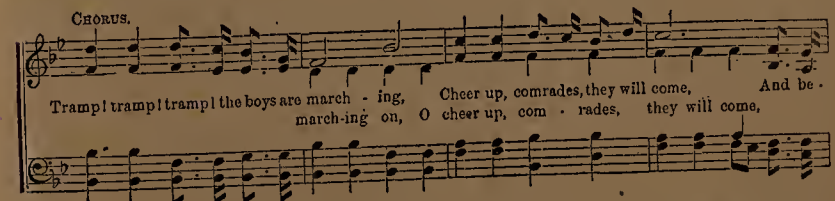


bright and hap - py home so far a - way; And the tears they fill my eyes Spite of
swept us off a hun - dred men or more; But be - fore we reached their lines They were
come to o - pen wide the i - ron door; And the hol - low eye grows bright, And the

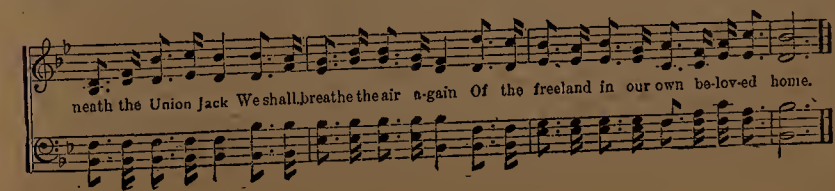


all that I can do, Though I try to cheer my com - rades and be gay.
beat - en back, dis - mayed, And we heard the cry of vic - t'ry o'er and o'er.
poor heart al - most gay, As we think of see - ing home and friends once more.

CHORUS.



Tramp! tramp! tramp! the boys are march - ing, Cheer up, comrades, they will come, And be -
march - ing on, O cheer up, com - rades, they will come,



neath the Union Jack We shall breathe the air a - gain Of the freeland in our own be - loved home.

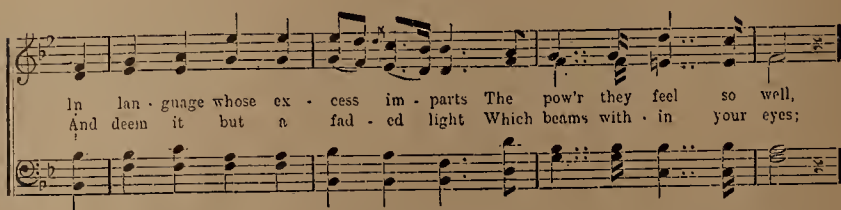
Then You'll Remember Me

Words and music by M. W. Balfe.

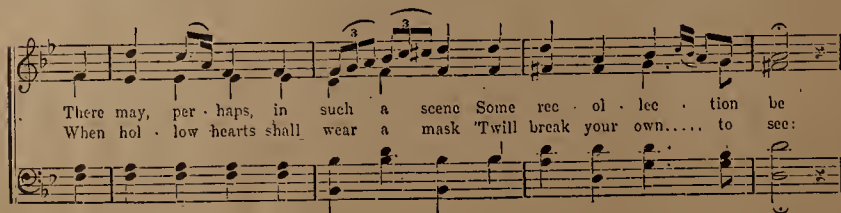
Andante cantabile.



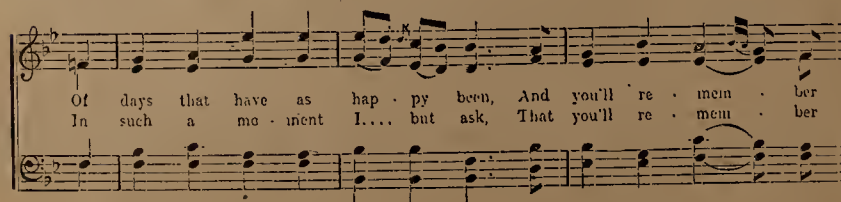
1. When oth - er lips and oth - er hearts Their tales of love shall tell,
2. When cold - ness of de - ceit shall slight The beau - ty now they prize,



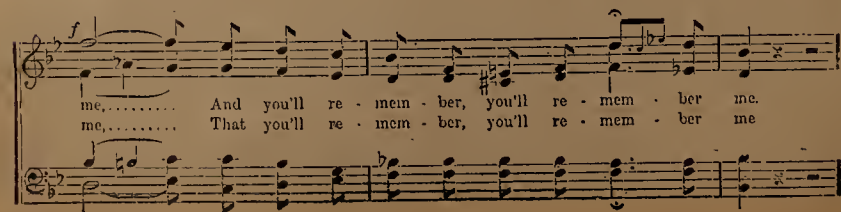
In lan - guage whose ex - cess im - parts The pow'r they feel so well,
And deem it but a fad - ed light Which beams with - in your eyes;



There may, per - haps, in such a scene Some rec - ol - lec - tion be
When hol - low hearts shall wear a mask 'Twill break your own.... to see:



Of days that have as hap - py been, And you'll re - mein - ber
In such a mo - ment I.... but ask, That you'll re - mein - ber



me..... And you'll re - mein - ber, you'll re - mem - ber me.
me..... That you'll re - mein - ber, you'll re - mem - ber me

SCOTS, WHA HAE W' WALLACE BLED

CHORUS.

Andante moderato.

piano. *mf* *f* *dim.*

1. Scots, wha hae w' Wal - lace bled, Scots, wham Bruce has af - ten led, Wel - come to your
 2. Wha would be a trai - tor knave? Wha would fill a cow - ard's grave? Wha sae base as
 3. By op - pres - sion's woes an' pains, By your sons in ser - vile chains, We will drain our

p *mf*

go - ry bed, Or to vic - to - riel Now's the day an now's the hour.
 oe a slave? Let him turn and flee! Wha, for Scot - land's king an' law,
 dear - est veins, But they shall be free. Lay the proud u - surp - ers low!

See the front of bat - tie lours; See approach proud Edward's pow'r. Chains and sla - ve - riel
 Freedom's sword would strongly draw, Free - man stand, and free - man fa', Let him on wi' me!
 Ty - rants fall in ev - ery foe! Lib - er - ty's in ev - ery blow! Let us do or dee!

TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND

Tempo di marcia

Words and Music by WALTER KITTREDGE.

VOICE.

PIANO.

1. We're tent - ing to - night on the old Camp ground, Give us a song to
2. We've been tent - ing to - night on the old Camp ground, Thinking of days gone
3. We're tired of war on the old Camp ground, Man - y are dead and
4. We've been fight - ing to - day on the old Camp ground, Man - y are ly - ing

chest Our wea - ry hearts, a song of home, And friends we love so
by, Of the lov'd ones at home that gave us the hand, And the tear that said "Good-
gone Of the brave and true who've left their homes, Others been wounded
near; Some are dead and some are dy - ing, Many are in

dear.
hys!
long.
tears.

CHORUS.

Many are the hearts that are weary to-night, Wishing for the war to

cease, Man - y are the hearts looking for the light, To see the dawn of peace.

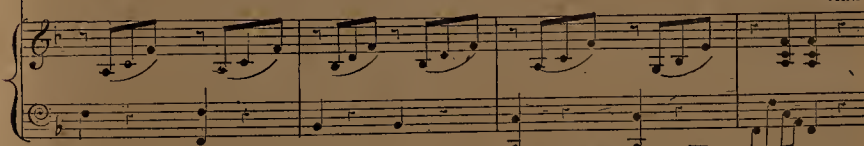
Tenting to-night, Tenting to-night, Tenting on the old Camp ground.
pp Last verse. Dy - ing to-night, Dy - ing to-night, (lento). ppp Dy - ing on the old Camp ground.

WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG, MAGGIE.

I wandered to-day to the hill, Maggie, To watch the scene be- low; The
A ci-ty so si-lent and lone, Mag-gie, Where the young and the gay and the best, In
They say I am fee-ble with age, Mag-gie, My steps are less sprightly than then. My



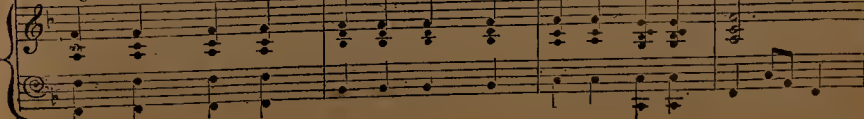
creek and the creak-ing old mill, Maggie, As we used to long a- go, The
po-lish'd white mansions of stone, Maggie, Have each found a place of rest, Is
face is a well-writ-ten page, Maggie, But time a- lone was the pen, They
CHORUS. And



green grove is gone from the hill, Maggie, Where first the dai-sies sprung; The
built where the birds used to play, Mag-gie, And join in the songs that were sung; For we
say we are a-ged and gray, Mag-gie, As sprays by the white breakers flung; But, to
now we are a-ged and grey, Maggie, And the tri-als of life near-ly done Let us



creak-ing old mill is still, Maggie, Since you and I were young.
sang as gay as they, Mag-gie, When you and I were young.
me, you're as fair as you were, Mag-gie, When you and I were young.
sing of the days that are gone, Mag-gie, When you and I were young.



YE BANKS AND BRAES O' BONNY DOON.

BURNS.

Andante cantabile.

1. Ye banks and braes o'
2. Oft hae I rovd by

PIANO. *mf* *p*

hon - nie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair? How can ye chaunt, ye
bon - nie Doon, By morn-ing and by even-ing shine To hear the birds sing

lit - tle birds, And I'm sae wea - ry fu' o' care? Ye'll break my heart, ye
o' their loves As fond - ly once I sang o' mine. Wi' light - some heart I

mf

war - bling bird, That war - bles on the flow - 'ry thorn, Ye mind me o' de -
stretch'd my hand, And pu'd a rose - bud from the tree; But my fause lov - er

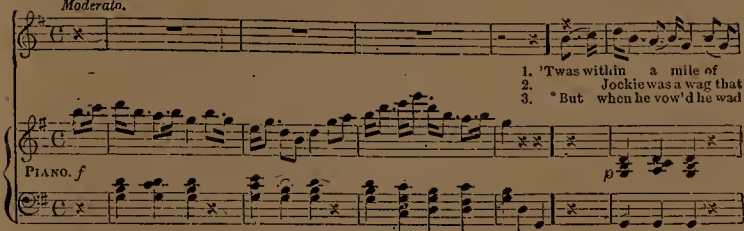
p dolce.

part - ed joys, Do - part - ed nev - er to re - turn.
stole the rose, And left the thorn, the thorn wi' me.

WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBURGH TOWN.

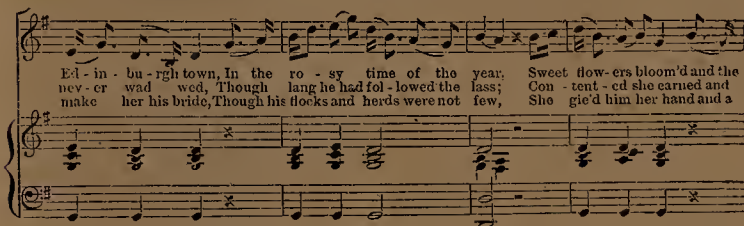
T. D'URFEX.

Moderato.

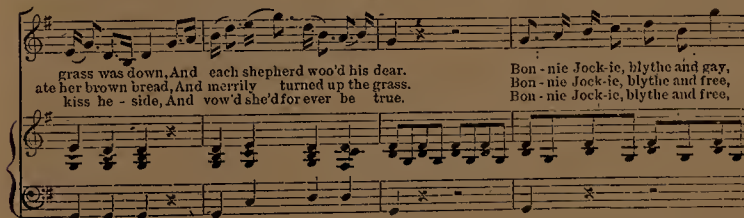


1. 'Twas within a mile of
2. Jockiewas a wag that
3. * But when he vow'd he wad

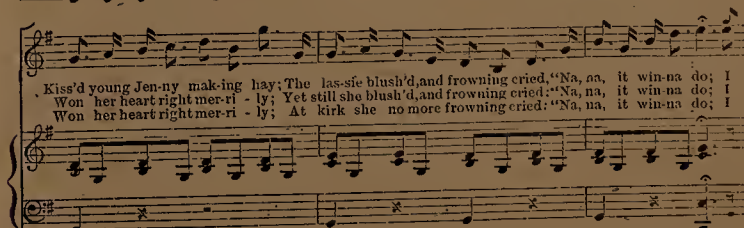
PIANO. *f*



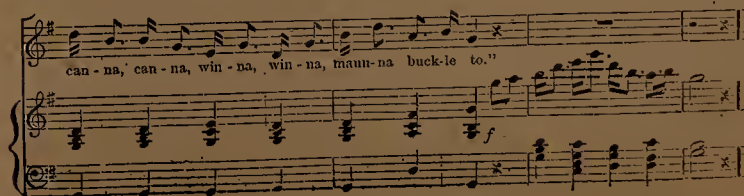
Ed-in-bu-ry town, In the ro-sy time of the year, Sweet flow-ers bloom'd and the
nev-er wad wed, Though lang he had fol-lowed the lass; Con-tent-ed she earned and
make her his bride, Though his flocks and herds were not few, Sho-gie'd him her hand and a



grass was down, And each shepherd woo'd his dear. Bon-nie Jock-ie, blythe and gay,
ate her brown bread, And merrily turned up the grass. Bon-nie Jock-ie, blythe and free,
kiss he-side, And vow'd she'd forever be true. Bon-nie Jock-ie, blythe and free,



Kiss'd young Jen-ny making hay; The lassie blush'd and frowning cried: "Na, na, it win-na do; I
Won her heart right mer-ri-ly; Yet still she blush'd and frowning cried: "Na, na, it win-na do; I
Won her heart right mer-ri-ly; At kirk she no more frowning cried: "Na, na, it win-na do; I



can-na, can-na, win-na, win-na, maun-na buck-le to."

WHEN THE KYE COME HAME.

JAMES HOGO.
Andante moderato.

PIANO. *mf*

1. Come all ye jol-ly shep-herds that whis-tle thro' the glen, I'll tell ye o' a sè - cret that
 2. 'Tis not be-neath the bur-go-net, nor yet be-neath the crown, 'Tis not on couch of vel - vet, nor
 3. Then the eye shines bright-ly the jule-soil to be-guile, There's love in ev-'ry whis-per and
 4. See yon - der paw-ky shep-herd that lin-gers on the hill - His yowes are in the fauld, and his
 5. A - wa' wi' fame and for-tune - what comfort can they gi'e? And a' the arts that prey up-on man's

con-tiers din-na ken: What is the great-est bliss that the tongue o' man can name? 'Tis to
 yet on bed of down: 'Tis be-neath the spreading birch, in the dell with- out a name, Wi' a
 joy in ev-'ry smile: O! wha would choose a crown wi' its per-ils and its fame, And
 lambs are ly-ing still: But he dow-na gang to rest, for his heart is in a flame To
 life and lib-er-tie! Gi'e me the high-est joy that the heart o' man can frame, My

woo a bon-nie las-sie when the kye come hame. When the kye come hame, when the kye come hame, 'Tween the
 bon-nie, bon-nie las-sie when the kye come hame. When the kye come hame, etc.
 miss a bon-nie las-sie when the kye come hame? When the kye come hame, etc.
 meet his bon-nie las-sie when the kye come hame. When the kye come hame, etc.
 bon-nie, bon-nie las-sie when the kye come hame. When the kye come hame, etc.

gloom - in' and the mirk, When the kye come hame.

dim.

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